CITY on a HILL

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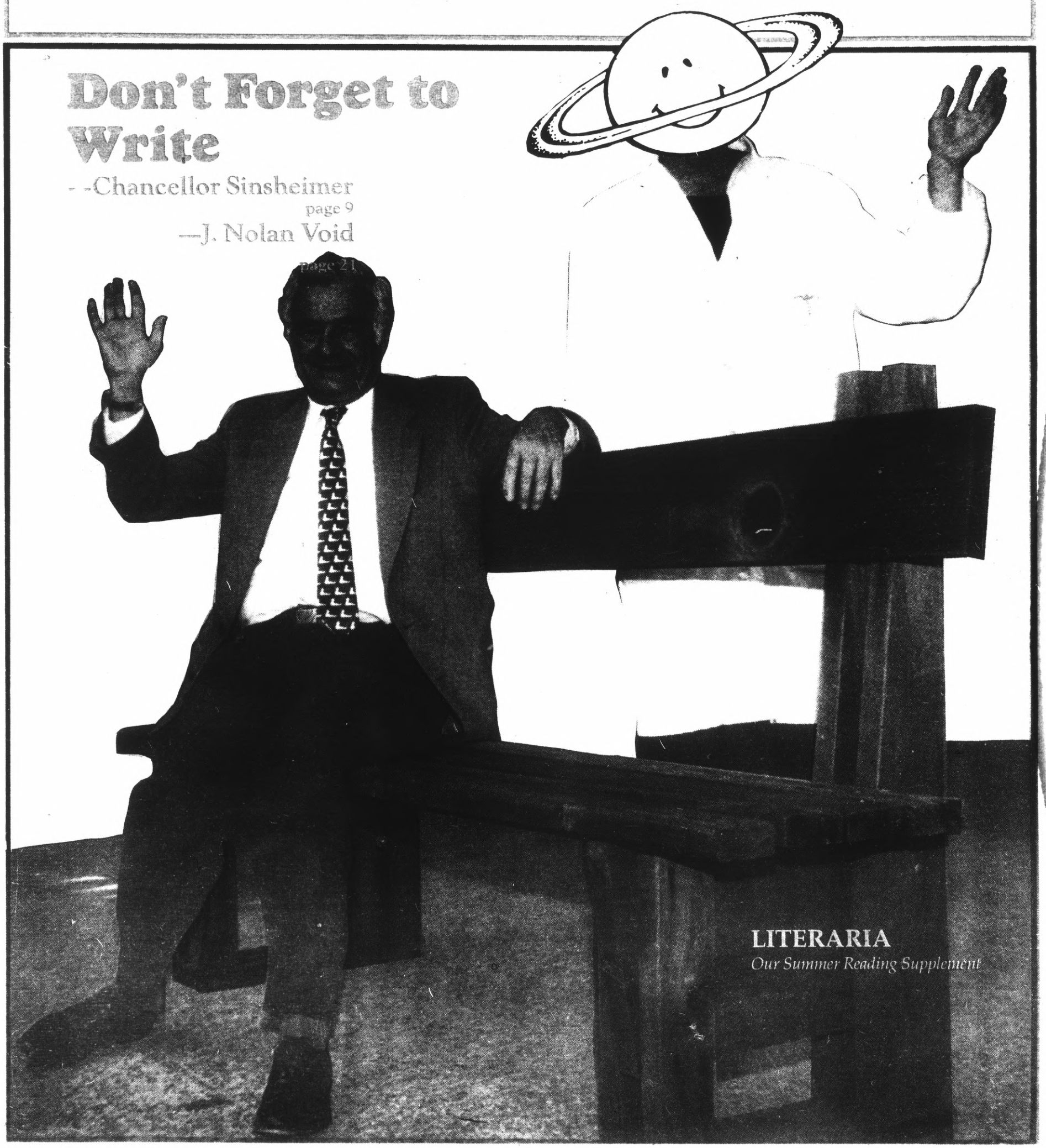
Don't Forget to Write

--Chancellor Sinsheimer

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—J. Nolan Void

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LITERARIA

Our Summer Reading Supplement

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"Best Overall Design"—California Intercollegiate Press Association, 1985, 1986

"Best University Weekly in the Western US"—Columbia Scholastic Press Association, 1986

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"The people must have something good to read on a Sunday."
—The Clash

"A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid."
—Jesus of Nazareth

NEWS*on the*MARCH

THOSE CRAZY CONTRAS: Once again the contras are embarrassing their Washington supporters with their human rights record. Contra commanders have charged that human rights monitors, most of whom are Nicaraguan civilians, have "interfered with the military chain of command." Two weeks ago, contra commanders barred monitors from border camps, possibly in fear that monitors may uncover evidence of abuses the rebels have denied committing. Earlier this year, monitors were blocked from visiting prisoners in rebel jails. Monitors have responded to these restrictions by accusing contra leaders of hampering their investigations.

The Rebel Human Rights Office was set up by Congress with a $3 million appropriation to investigate charges of widespread human rights violations by the contras. If the office is closed, Congress is unlikely to renew funding for the contras, because, as one diplomat monitoring the contras has said, "They have been told repeatedly to treat civilians with respect and not kidnap people."

Currently, monitors have not been able to investigate the death of Benjamin Linder, the first American volunteer to be killed by the contras, whose death some suspect violates international law regarding warfare. The contras' version of the killing conflicts with the Nicaraguan government's and independent observers' reports.

The 22-year-old commander of the squad that killed Linder, alias Mapachin, said he set up his ambush at 5am. When Linder's party arrived at 8:30, according to Mapachin, "There were ten of them, all wearing olive-green and all armed. We told them to surrender before we fired." Mapachin also said that Linder was shot from about 20 yards, and that, "We had no knowledge that he was an American."

However, survivors interviewed days after the attack said there were only four militia plus Linder. In addition, they said they were surprised by the ambush and had no time to fire, a statement supported by a source close to the contras, who said the contras never tell anyone to surrender. A nurse who saw Linder after the shooting, and Linder's father, who is a physician, both say gunpowder burns on Linder's temple indicate he was shot at close range. Another militia man was killed by a knife wound to the chest.

A contra leader describing the recent controversies with Linder and the human rights office said, "It's very uncomfortable right now."

CELTIC SECRETS: This year's National Basketball Association (NBA) championship—an ancient rivalry between the Boston Celtics and the Los Angeles Lakers—is making headlines on America's sports pages. But it was the previous series, in which the Celtics eliminated the Detroit Pistons four games to three, that has brought to surface one of the NBA's most hush hush issues: racism.

After the seventh game of their series, a number of Detroit players expressed the sentiment that Celtic Larry Bird was "overrated" and that the officials biased their calls toward the more white Celtic team. In a league that is 75 percent Black, the Celtics are the whitest team. And white star Bird was voted the NBA's most valuable player three years in a row. "I think Larry is a very, very good basketball player," said Detroit guard Isaiah Thomas after the seventh game Saturday, but added, "If Bird was Black, he'd be just another good guy."

Later in an interview with the New York *Times*, Thomas clarified his point. "What I was referring to was not so much Larry Bird, but the perpetuation of stereotypes about Blacks." He said of public attitude "When Bird makes a great play, it's due to his thinking and his work habits. It's all planned out by him. It's not the case for Blacks. All we do is give a thought to how we play. It's like I came dribbling out of my mother's womb. . . . Magic [Erving Johnson, of the LA Lakers] and Michael Jordan [of Chicago] and me, for example: we're playing only on God-given talent, like we're animals, lions and tigers who run around wild in a jungle, while Larry's success is due to intelligence and hard work."

Thomas also said that the referees were too lenient on Celtic center Robert Parish after he hit Detroit's Bill Laimbeer in game five. Thomas said: "I guarantee you that if it was in Atlanta, and Tree Rollins did that to Laimbeer, Rollins is thrown out of the game so fast you wouldn't believe it." Parish, who was fined and suspended from the subsequent game, was not even called for a foul at the time.

AMNESTY AMOK: It's been three weeks since the much-lauded Simpson-Rodino Immigration bill went into effect and immigrants still aren't coming forward. The amnesty program signed into law by Reagan last November provides legal status to aliens who are able to prove that they have been living in the US continuously since January 1, 1982. The government estimates that there are six million illegal aliens living here and that 3.9 million of them qualify. The Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) still expects around two million aliens to come forward, but to date, only 40,000 aliens nationwide have applied. "The figures are absolutely disgraceful," Representative Robert Garcia told the New York *Times*. "We're talking about a miniscule number of people coming forward."

"I still hear reports that they're afraid they'll get picked up if they come in," said Mark Hill, chief of the INS. One problem aliens face is that those who present insufficient documentation now are denied the opportunity to produce documents later. "I don't know what the big deal is," said Muzaffar Chisti, the director of the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union Immigration Project, referring to the regulation. "In non-legalization cases they give you 60 days to correct the documentation."

Another problem is the confusion surrounding the whole bill. Immigrants who could qualify don't trust the INS, and many workers are staying in Mexico this year, causing labor shortages in the farming industry. Peter Machauf, operator of Carlsbad Tomato Company told the Los Angeles *Times*, "We've heard reports that they've been told that if they got caught [entering the country illegally] now that they'd be put in jail for six months." Arrests in April of this year for aliens entering the country illegally are at a five-year low at less than half of the arrests for April of 1986.

THE DYING AND THE CRYING: President Reagan, in a speech addressed to the American Foundation for AIDS Research last week, urged that states start "routine" testing for the AIDS virus. He recommended testing couples applying for marriage licenses and those seeking treatment in clinics for drug abuse and sexually transmitted diseases. Reagan also announced he will seek mandatory testing of federal and state prisoners, patients in veterans hospitals and immigrants.

Mandatory testing for AIDS is already required for all military personnel, foreign service employees and applicants to the Peace Corps and the Department of Labor's job corps program.

Opening the speech, Vice President George Bush acknowledged that testing for AIDS "puts in conflict the need for more information and knowledge to benefit the majority versus our basic constitutional right to privacy." But he also said that the ultimate decision for these competing principles "is the responsibility of the political leadership. . . ."

Gay rights groups reacted angrily to Bush's comment. "What they say before the cameras is totally different from what they say under their breath," said Thomas Stoddard, executive director of Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund.

Dan Bradley, an AIDS patient and former chairperson of the federal Legal Services Corporation, said: "We are dying while the president is doing nothing. . . We want the American people to hear our cries. . . ." Cries were heard in Lafayette Park across from the White House the day after Reagan's speech, as demonstrators demanded an all-out national effort be established to combat AIDS.

During the protest, 64 people were arrested by police who wore rubber gloves, and, in some cases, surgical masks.

WHAT'S*news*

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Why mess with success? Why not? That's the attitude of *Comic News* publisher Thom Zajac, who's experimenting with a pay-if-you-feel-like-it policy for his popular bi-weekly. Mark Johnson reports.

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After a five year career at UCSC, Phyllis Rogers is leaving—and she's glad.

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For the last five years Japan has flounted an international pact by killing thousands of whales; under Congressional pressure, the Reagan Administration has finally decided to act—yet Japan has legal loopholes at its defense.

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Nuclear-free zones already exist in Latin America and Antarctica—and there may soon be one in the South Pacific. But not if the Reagan Administration can help it.

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UCSC is known for its liberal arts, but according to Brent Beasley its literary magazines are experiencing a drought of creative juices.

Gay and Lesbian Pride Week

Come Out, Come Out Wherever You Are

by Ramón Nicasio

FOR MANY GAYS AND lesbians, the weight of repression that has bolted closet doors is one that exists as a continuum: after prying open their own closets, their struggle continues to pry open the way for others. Their efforts have become clearly visible in this year's Santa Cruz Gay and Lesbian Pride Celebration, which began last Saturday and lasts through June 6th.

Gay/Lesbian Pride week culminates in the 13th Annual Lesbian and Gay Parade and Rally this Saturday at 11am, proceeding through the Pacific Garden Mall; the rally will commence at noon at San Lorenzo Park. The week-long celebration has consisted of workshops, performances and video presentations concerning the gay and lesbian community. The parade was moved to earlier in the month to coincide with UCSC's pre-vacation period, in hopes that students will augment the crowd (at the first gay pride celebration in 1974, fewer than 30 people were involved).

> *"I am proud of being a lesbian and I find strength in unity when we come out this time of year."*
>
> —Toni Cassista

According to sex therapists Masters and Johnson, 10 percent of any given population is gay or lesbian; this translates to 21,700 gays and lesbians in Santa Cruz County. According to former mayor and councilmember John Laird, about 25 percent of this number of people actively participates in the community, either socially or politically. But the turnout at the rally and parade is usually much smaller, anywhere from 600 to 1000 each year.

Historically, the Santa Cruz gay community has carried out an uphill battle to hold Gay/Lesbian Pride Week. The effort was rewarded in 1975, when the Board of Supervisors endorsed a proclamation that read, "Gay people face daily assaults on their self-esteem and identity because of negative myths and societal expectations...gay people are a positive, contributing segment of the community." The action led to a plethora of letters protesting the proclamation.

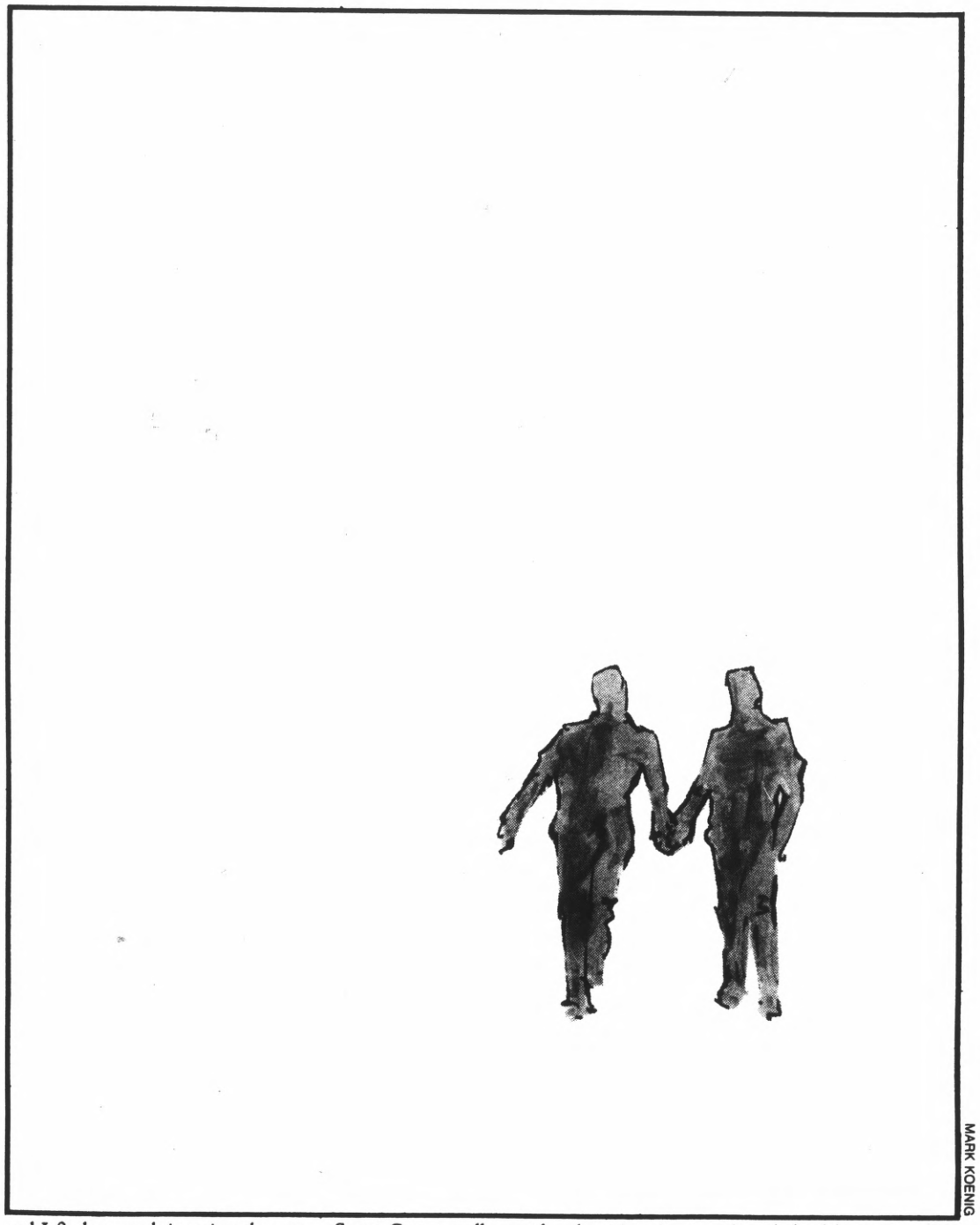
Despite opposition, Gay/Lesbian Pride Week commenced in Santa Cruz, and joined a nationwide effort to annually commemorate the 1969 Stonewall Inn riot in New York City's Greenwich Village. The riot was a fracas between gays and police at the Stonewall Inn Bar, a gay bar and drag queen hang-out. As police arrested men on the grounds that homosexuality was illegal, hundreds of gays resisted and retaliated. "People did not want to be arrested for living their lives," said Freedom Foundation member Aaron Miller. Stonewall didn't start the gay/lesbian rights movement, but it brought local movements throughout the country into a national force. Since Stonewall, gay and lesbian groups have sponsored Gay/Lesbian Pride activities every June.

After Stonewall, homophobia was on the rise; Anita Bryant successfully campaigned to defeat a pro-gay rights law in Dade County, Florida; the 1978 Briggs Initiative—which didn't pass—would have allowed school boards to fire known homosexuals and their sympathizers; and openly gay San Francisco supervisor Harvey Milk was assassinated by Dan White in 1978.

Locally, the gay and lesbian community came together in 1980 to oppose the arrests of men whom Capitola police alleged had engaged in sex in a public restroom. Gay activists John Laird and Jerry Solomon began an educational campaign, mustering 250 supporters who attended a Capitola City Council meeting in protest. Despite such instances of activism, neither the city nor the county of Santa Cruz has an anti-discrimination law, though the county does have a fair employment policy.

The AIDS onslaught has also worked to strengthen bonds in the community. Many groups have come out of the woodwork to help combat the disease, its homophobic repercussions, and Lyndon LaRouche's Proposition 64, defeated last year.

The gay and lesbian community has yet another battle to face. State Senator John Doolittle and US Representative William Dannemeyer, both of whom have never supported gay rights, are pushing 10 new legislative measures to mandate AIDS testing and quarantines.



MARK KOENIG

THIS YEAR'S GAY/LESbian Pride theme is "Proud, Strong, United." According to Freedom Foundation organizer Toni Cassista, the theme befits her as a lesbian. "I am proud of being a lesbian and I find strength in unity when we come out this time of year," she said. "We experience homophobia 365 days a year. In Gay Pride, we are proclaiming and empowering ourselves in a stride that those who came before us made." Referring to Stonewall, she stated, "People fought in the streets and paved the way so that we can go down those streets."

One way of empowering gays and lesbians is developing resources and documenting discrimination, according to Cassista. Along with this, the Freedom Foundation organizes the Gay/Lesbian Pride week of events. Its 10-member constituency is a cross-section of people from other human rights organizations.

Although "fag-bashing" isn't as prevalent in Santa Cruz as other metropolitan settings, the Freedom Foundation is always on guard. "I don't think that because we live in Santa Cruz we all consider that it's paradise or that we can't let our defenses get down in regards to any type of harrassment," Cassista said. "One time is one time too many. It shouldn't happen at all," she continued. Cassista also works for UCSC's Closet-Free radio program.

According to Freedom Foundation members, gay political activism could be stronger if people would "come out of the closet" and make the choice to identify themselves as homosexual. According to Cassista, "It's a big step—taking that step out."

She urged closeted gays or lesbians to "come to the parade and rally if you feel safe. If you are forced to come out, you'd be traumatized and pushed back in and it would take you even longer to come out of the closet."

According to Freedom Foundation member Michael Perlman, the diversity of the gay and lesbian community is not acknowledged by society. He said, "We are really a diverse community: being gay and being lesbian is something that brings us together. We're Republicans or Democrats, conservatives or liberals. It [gay] is a label, like all other labels."

Cassista said, "People get stuck on who we sleep with—the sex part of it. They don't look at it as anything other than that." Perlman elaborated, "And the rebuttal we get is, 'Well, if you are more than just gay, then why are you making so much noise?' " He continued, "We are out there voicing our gayness, and that becomes very important to us because homosexuality is very repressed. But people don't understand that."

Cassista added, "My visibility is really important, because I think it assists in paving the way for those struggling to come out of the closet."

Santa Cruz Comic News

Business for Pleasure

by Mark Johnson

BY NOW YOU'VE HEARD they're no longer giving away the *Comic News*. You've also probably noticed the pine and wicker vending "machines" without locks or doors, and wondered about the publisher's business sense. And you also might be hip to the sly way to procure an issue without dropping 25 cents: just take one.

The *Comic News*, that popular assemblage of political cartoons, "The Far Side" and "Grab Bag" tidbits, now costs a quarter, accepts donations or is still free—depending on your financial standing and your concern of karma. But the fee is really just publisher Thom Zajac's latest experiment in the course of the successful paper's evolution.

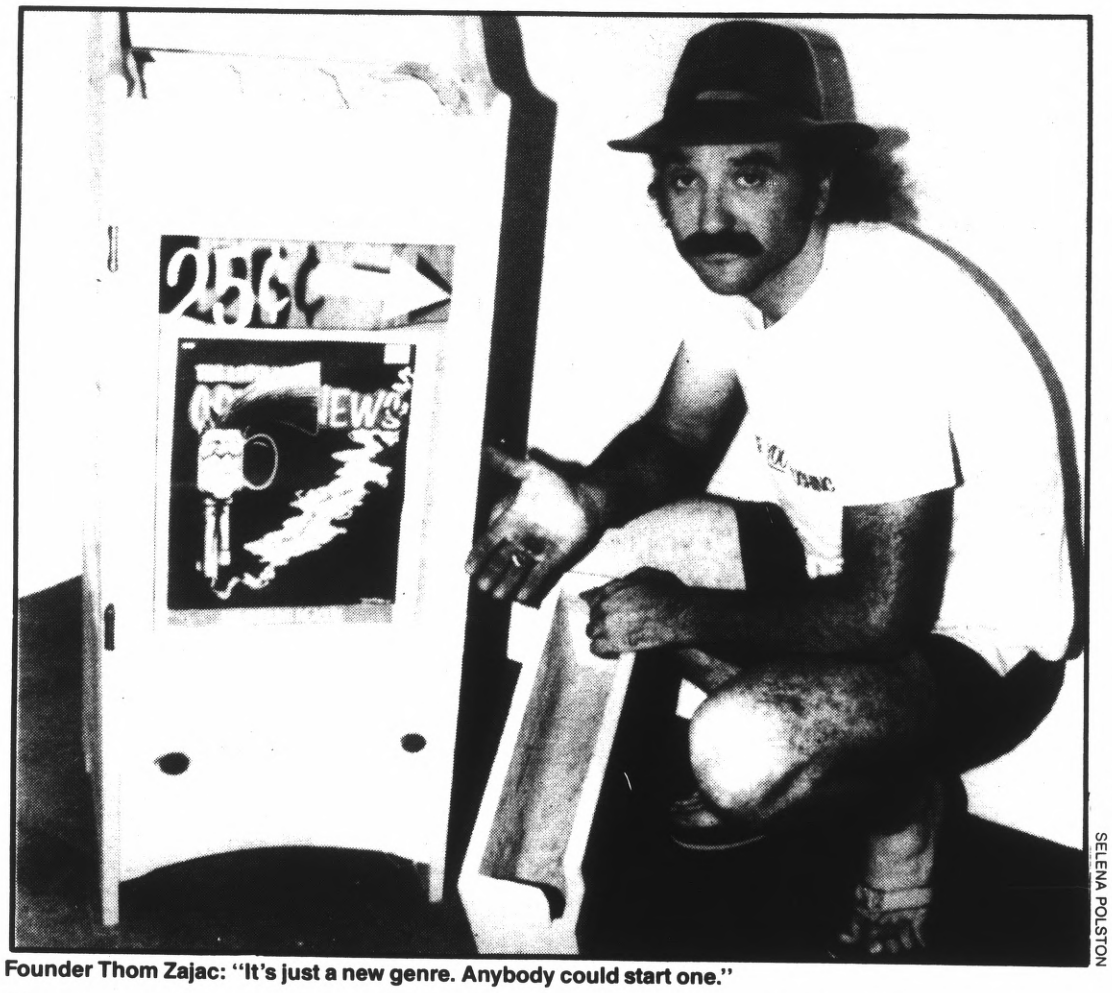
The *News* debuted in September '84 and was an instant hit in Santa Cruz's publication-saturated market. It was, quite simply, a good idea, and a US first. "A common reaction has been, 'What a cheap idea, anybody could have done this. . . Why didn't I think of it?' " said Zajac, a former UCSC student. "I'm immensely proud of coming up with the concept."

Imitation is the greatest form of flattery, and now Cleveland, Buffalo, Kona, Hawaii and Humboldt all sport *Comic News* copycats. A friend in Humboldt, with Zajac's blessing, publishes a clone *Comic Relief*. But the concept's success does not mean that Zajac is now the Rupert Murdoch of comic strips—in fact he receives and controls nothing from these publications. "I can't patent the idea or copyright the format. It's just a new genre. Anybody could start one."

Zajac said he started on $1000, initially publishing out of his home. "It started on a wing and a prayer, and then it graduated to a shoestring, and now we've reached relative stability," said Zajac. "The paper's healthy, probably healthier than we've ever been, but that's relative." Every issue has made money, according to Zajac.

When referring to the paper, it's always "we." Officially a two-person operation, for all intents and purposes the *Comic News* is Thom Zajac. Clearly it is his baby. "Sometimes I'm like a nervous father," he admitted.

Two months ago he moved the operation into an office, hired Chuck Zimmerman to sell ads, and reduced his work hours. Past issues poster the office walls; on one, Chancellor Sinsheimer is depicted as a raging behemoth banana slug, redwood in mouth and blazing a slime trail of development. "That was a real popular cover," grinned Zajac.



SELENA POLSTON

Founder Thom Zajac: "It's just a new genre. Anybody could start one."

He selects the cartoons, writes the narrative and a brief editorial, picks the cover, does the layout—and after it's printed, he delivers it to pick-up points.

Yet the new 25-cent policy has already complicated that process. Zajac said he was never sure it was a good idea and would not hesitate to retreat from the policy. "Ultimately the idea might be a bad one. I might wind up with egg on my face." He also stressed he is not gung-ho to shake every last quarter from readers; rather, he is soliciting donations. "If there are people who can't afford a quarter, I have no qualms with them picking up an issue and reading it, or taking an issue, reading it and putting it back," he said.

> "Depending on who you listen to, I've either got guts or rocks in my head."
>
> —Thom Zajac

SITTING AT HIS DESK, Zajac slit open manila envelopes. Familiar drawings by Toles, Oliphant and others emerged, sorted into what shaped up to be either Gary Hart or Iran-contra piles—the week's major press events. "I love this job; I don't consider it work. It's like my hobby," he said.

The bi-weekly paper takes four days of production, in which Zajac does most everything, minus the printing.

The first 25 cent issue was not successful, and represented the first time unread issues remained on the rack for two weeks. Usually the 15,000 copies disappear over the weekend, but Zajac estimated 5000 leftovers, attributing the surplus to the fact that the paper was only available in 21 spots around town—down from around 100. He said about 30 percent of readers paid for their issues.

Zajac said the quarter policy has two more issues to become a success—which means if not all copies get picked up, he may scrap the experiment.

Good Times operations manager Michael Perlman said *Good Times* has tried the same tactic with 400 of their 40,000 papers, but gave up because "it was a pain in the ass. It is obviously difficult for someone in this market to charge for a paper that was once free," said Perlman. "There's too much good media in this town. I don't know if it'll succeed."

Zajac acknowledged this, saying, "Depending on who you listen to, I've either got guts or rocks in my head." Nevertheless, he insisted the move is purely to improve the paper. He hopes to increase the cartoon budget and add pages without increasing advertisements.

"If the quarter thing works," Zajac says he would like to begin soliciting local cartoonists to feature local issues such as Wingspread, UCSC growth and sewage treatment. Local cartoonists cost more, about $25 per cartoon according to Zajac, because they have no one else paying them. "I get six Oliphants [syndicated cartoons] for less than $25 per week," he said.

Syndicated cartoonists are the paper's backbone, and the fact that the paper takes in local revenue while not employing many local artists irks Conn Hallinan, UCSC journalism instructor and *People's Daily World* writer. Hallinan said the paper threatens small, alternative publications.

"Not only does it not provide news, but it doesn't provide jobs for journalists. Yet with its circulation, the competitive effect is to put enormous pressure on other local alternative publications," said Hallinan. "My view is just that I wish it had never come into being. . . I will not pick up the *Comic News*."

"It's unfortunate there are only so many advertising dollars to go around," acknowledged Zajac. "But the *Comic News* is also a business, there's no getting around it," he said.

Zajac said the paper's popularity has not translated into lucrative earnings, but he gets by. "I probably make as much as a mail carrier who delivers the *Comic News*. I'm certainly in no position to buy a house in Santa Cruz."

Maybe someday Zajac will be the Rupert Murdoch of comic newspapers. It's doubtful that the current trickle of quarters will put him on easy street—but if his baby continues to survive and thrive, Zajac will be content enough.

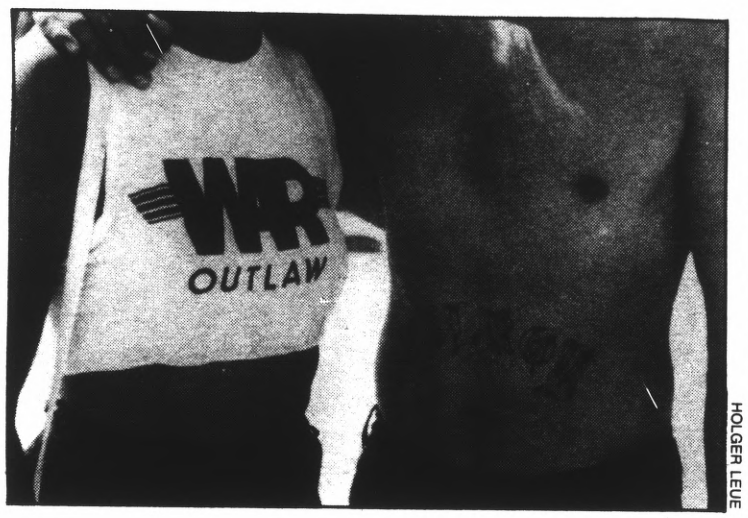
CITY*clips*

Geez, No Trees?

Given that local iconography—from the business logos to UCSC promos—is replete with images of nature, no one would guess that the Santa Cruz cypress could be on its last legs. But the US Fish and Wildlife Service just designated the Santa Cruz *Cupressus abramsiana* an endangered species. The federal endangered species list currently includes no other California trees, and fewer than six species of trees nationwide.

According to Jim Bartel of the Fish and Wildlife Service's endangered species department, five groves—four in Santa Cruz County and one in San Mateo County—comprise the total population of this relatively rare breed, which currently consists of a few thousand trees.

The cypress, a "fire-following" species, is losing out in the competition with surrounding shrubbery, development (aka being cut down) and, in the most common cases, having too much protection. According to Bartel the trees will not reproduce unless they perceive some threat, like fires, floods or heavy winds. "The trees are really tinderboxes," he said. "They would *like* to burn." In cases of fire suppression, they could just "die of old age and never reproduce." But fire control is no easy solution; setting fires is "unpopular," and it could decimate the species if repeated over too short a period of time.



HOLGER LEUE

Doing it for Themselves

In flight from repression in their native countries, Central American refugees in the US have had to put themselves at risk to demand their rights. This June 9, the Santana Chirino Amaya Central American Refugee Committee (SCARC) is sponsoring a march and rally to promote a resolution before the city council which supports the Decocino-Moakely bill, and condemns the Simpson-Rodino immigration bill. The Deconcini-Moakely bill would grant amnesty to refugees of political persecution, and will be considered this month for congressional approval.

SCARC members argue that the situation for refugees in this country has gotten worse since Simpson-Rodino went into effect. "People are losing jobs, and pressure for deportation is stronger," said SCARC member Monica Larennas. While recent legislation has intensified the situation, the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) has stepped up its activity. In fact, according to Larennas, in some regions the INS has been collaborating with the Salvadoran government to locate refugees.

As a result, the Central American community, numbering up to 1000 in Santa Cruz County, has organized itself. SCARC, named for a refugee killed after being deported to El Salvador, is a national committee whose Santa Cruz chapter has been activated in the last few months. The local chapter is made up of approximately 80 Salvadorans and ten Guatemalan refugees.

Next Tuesday's march begins at 4pm at the Resource Center for Non-Violence at 515 Broadway, and will proceed to that afternoon's city council meeting.

Doctors on Diseases

They may not be up to battling about AIDS testing requirements, but the Santa Cruz County Medical Society (SCCMS) is ready for a battle about who should have access to AIDS test results.

SCCMS announced last week that it supports legislation to loosen confidentiality requirements related to the AIDS antibody test. The association cites three recent cases in which medical practitioners contracted AIDS, apparently after coming in contact with blood that contained the antibody. "We are not saying people who have tested positive should not be eligible for health care," said a SCCMS spokesperson. "But [practitioners] should be able to know when they are at risk if they handle the blood." The association, meanwhile, asserts that there should be related legislation to outlaw discrimination against people who do carry the antibody.

With a similar gesture, and at the request of a coalition of California health groups, the California Medical Association announced that is also supports a loosening of the requirements. "Confidentiality should be rolled back to those standards that exist for other medical conditions like sexually transmitted diseases, drug abuse and mental health records," concluded Santa Cruz AIDS task force chairperson Dr. Larimore Cummins.

Call Me Sister

Santa Cruz, USA and Alushta, USSR have a number of things in common: both host throngs of tourists during the summer, both support small-scale wine, lumber and resort economies, and both are trying to circumvent national policies by establishing diplomatic ties between US and Soviet municipalities. Such is the basis for the Santa Cruz Sister City Committee's (SCSCC) intention to formalize relations with the small Soviet resort town bordering the Crimean Sea.

The mayor of Alushta recently announced that a delegation of Soviet citizens has accepted an invitation that the SCSCC extended to the Soviets approximately four years ago. According to SCSCC member Marilyn Hanson, the response "most definitely" means that Alushta plans to accept the sister city proposal as well. In Hanson's own words, this is a "surprise." "The point is to forge through national problems on a personal level," she said, "but we felt the initial resonse was discouraging."

Sister cities were first established in the US shortly following WWII, when then-President Dwight D. Eisenhower sought to realign the US with formerly antagonistic nations. Today, Santa Cruz and approximately five US municipalities have sister city programs. Santa Cruz, perhaps the most active in recruiting and establishing sister cities, has official ties with cities in Japan, Venezuela, Spain and Italy.

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NOTICE OF HEARING

College Eight Draft EIR
University of California, Santa Cruz



A public hearing on the Draft EIR for the proposed College Eight will be held at 7:30 pm on Thursday, June 4, 1987, in Classroom Unit 1, University of California, Santa Cruz. The proposed project includes academic, residential, dining and related facilities to be built in phases. Copies of the Draft EIR may be reviewed at the Special Collections Desk at McHenry Library, University of California, Santa Cruz, or obtained for two dollars from the Office of Campus Facilities, Barn G, University of California, Santa Cruz. Written comments on the Draft EIR may be addressed to F. Louis Fackler, Assistant Vice Chancellor, Office of Campus Facilities, University of California, Santa Cruz, CA 95064.



Phyllis Rogers leaves UCSC

Bittersweet Sorrow

by Mark Johnson

PHYLLIS ROGERS IS GLAD to be leaving UCSC—she said so in class. Yet behind her eagerness to depart lies a somewhat bitter job struggle. Rogers, an American Studies lecturer specializing in Native American studies, decided not to return when she was passed over for a tenure position.

Rogers feared sounding like "sour grapes" and was very hesitant to discuss the circumstances behind her leaving, as were other people involved with her case. Sitting in her half-empty Kresge office, she expressed anticipation for the final Los Angeles "commute" home. "Leaving Santa Cruz has not been that stressful because it's been a long decision. I've been preparing myself for awhile now. Staying would be more stressful," Rogers said.

Seeking a tenure-track position can be just as tense. Instructors—non-tenured faculty—are hired back on a year-to-year basis, and last year an American Studies tenure-track position, a "permanent" position which is reviewed every three years, opened up for a Native American studies specialist. Rogers, a UCSC instructor since 1982, was nominated and considered among a field of national candidates, but was not selected.

The selection process was anything but smoooth. Paul Skenazy, a member of one of the two hiring committees convened to select the faculty member, called the arguments against her "innuendo." Some committee members, he said, felt she was not involved enough with the Native American community. But, he added, "There was no question about the quality of her teaching. She had superb evaluations."

Philosophy Professor Dick Wasserstrom, chair of the other committee, declined to discuss substantive specifics, but said it was simply a case of selecting the best person for the job. "We looked at which of the candidates, all things considered, based on what the various books said to us, seemed to be the most appropriate one to recommend for appointment," said Wasserstrom.

Skenazy, however, questioned the final result's fairness. "I think she got the raw end of a long process. She was grossly mistreated. [The University] essentially used her for a number of years and then didn't hire her. She was very loyal to this campus."

A strange hitch was that the American Studies department, which had the tenure opening, had no control over the selection process and was allowed no nominations. American Studies was thus only a campus "committee" without authority to appoint people. During this time, American Studies was going through the bureaucratic process to obtain nominating authority, which it now has. "The ironies are tremendous in all this," said John Dizikes, American Studies chairperson.

"I'm not angry. I was angry—livid—when I found out control had been taken out of the hands of American Studies," said Rogers. "To some extent, the University makes decisions that are contrary to what American Studies and the students need."

ANOTHER IRONY IS THAT Rogers' departure coincides with a high point in personal academic achievement and recognition: she spent last week in Paris presenting a paper to the European American Studies Association—one of seven Americans invited to attend. That organization's international branch also appointed her to its board of directors for 1989. A University publisher has accepted one of her books, and her other completed work awaits a commercial publisher. And she is currently working on a third book.

Leaving UCSC will give Rogers time to further accomplish what may have kept her from staying—publishing her academic work. "Publish or perish" is a well-known academic canon for the pursuit of tenure, and apparently for this, UCSC will lose a popular and respected instructor. "We should be very disappointed any time we lose such an able teacher," said Dizikes. "I'm very sad she's leaving because she's an excellent colleague."

Dizikes questioned trading teaching excellence for conventional academic standards. He said he feels teaching evaluations should play an important part in any hiring decision. "I fundamentally think there should be room for people who have those [teaching] abilities without all the formal academic things," said Dizikes, "but this campus has long passed that vision."

Though Rogers was invited back to UCSC next year, she said a future return was highly unlikely. "Personally and professionally it's not feasible anymore. Also, to be a person of color, Santa Cruz is not an optimum spot. This is a white town. The city itself is not a draw and the University cannot compete with the city's image problem with racial minorities."

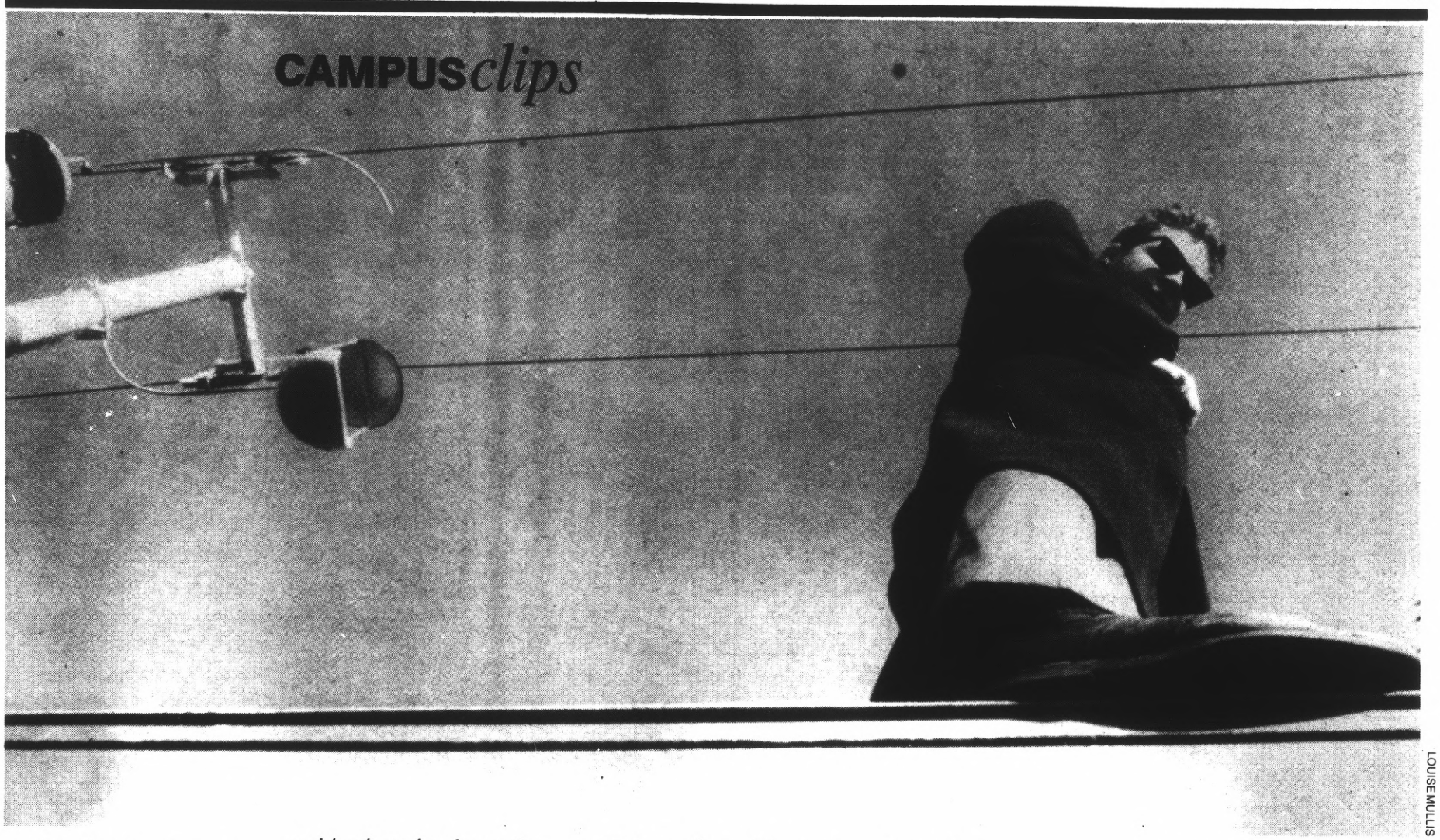
"I feel ambivalent about Santa Cruz and the University—the running of the University," she continued, citing evaluations, the quarter system and the parking crunch as aspects she will not miss. "I think Santa Cruz has gotten too big for itself. I have to scrounge around for rooms for my classes, and every year it gets worse."

Rogers will now give up her biweekly 700-mile commute to Los Angeles and permanently join her husband in Venice, California. "I will miss my colleagues, I will miss my students, but not that much because I'll stay in touch."

Rogers said she will now concentrate on writing and probably teach part-time. Research and writing have always been her primary focus, she said, and for Rogers' professional career, leaving UCSC could be a blessing in disguise. But don't ask her students if it's a blessing.

> "Leaving Santa Cruz has not been that stressful . . . staying would be more stressful . . ."
> —Phyllis Rogers

CAMPUS *clips*



LOUISE MULLIS

It's Getting Better All The Time

Admissions Director Joe Allen and all of UCSC breathed a sigh of relief last week as the admissions department announced the University would not experience the same type of quantum leap in admissions as it did this year. Allen and the UCSC administration have come under severe fire all year because of this year's enrollment increase of 1000 students over last year.

Allen estimates that the University will enroll 1915 freshpersons this fall and about 550 advanced standing students, which is what Allen had hoped for. Last year, enrollment rose from 7500 to 8500, but Allen predicts next year UCSC will have only 300 more students than it does now.

"It's been a combination of some careful analysis and a lot of luck," Allen told *City on a Hill*. The University of California started a multiple filing system for UCSC applicants last year where high school students could apply to more than one campus at a time, thus debilitating each University's efforts to predict enrollments and close the floodgates in time. While UCSC enrolled far too many students, both UCLA and Berkeley enrolled too few. The UCSC administration, as well as other campus administrations, holds this new system responsible for this year's rash of enrollment worries. Allen said, however, that after a year of toiling with the Multiple Filing System, the University had managed to come to grips with the new setup and carefully modulate the number of new students.

Allen said that although the University will enroll fewer students overall, there will be an increase in underrepresented students next year. UCSC accepted 47 percent more minority students than it did last year, although only 244 of the 1915 freshpersons will be minority students; 48 of the 550 advanced standing students will be underrepresented students.

The Truth Comes Out

Grassroots; to be one of The People, acting out some primal urge to...to...protest, to raise hell, to exercise our rights as responsible citizens. God, it makes my adrenaline rush.

So I came to UCSC in the fall of '85, thinking, "This is my big chance." I mean, this may not be Berkeley, but the slogans and chanting seems to get caught in the redwoods and hang there for years. There's a radical ambience here.

So I asked around and damn it all, the anti-apartheid protests had been over for months and it didn't look like they were picking up again. I grew depressed. I started plotting. See, the divestment decision was made up at University Hall; I felt we needed something close to home, something that would grab students by the ovaries and balls. We needed an evil figure, a menacing bureaucracy with a large dash of incompetence thrown in. But where, where, where could all the necessary elements come from?

By spring quarter I had it figured out. I'll let you all in on a little conversation I had with Chancellor Sinsheimer in June of '86.

Andy Gilbert: "Say, Bob, pass me another beer."

Bob Sinsheimer: "Sure dude, but why do you look so down? What's wrong, are you going to drop another class or something?

A.G.: "No, no, nothing like that. I'm just...bored. Downright bored. Nothing ever happens in this town. Don't you ever feel that way?"

B.S.: "I know what you mean, amigo. This place is quiet, too quiet. I wouldn't mind being a little controversial. Maybe I should gene-splice a banana slug and give it some feet."

A.G.: "That's a little weird, Bob. But I've been thinking and well, what if you just decided to put up some obnoxious building right where it would piss lots of people off. Could be a good time."

B.S.: "A building? Let's just level the goddamn forest. That would get those students hopping."

A.G.: "Now, now, wait a minute Bob. Let's not be hasty. I was thinking of something smaller, less deliberate. You know, something with finesse. You don't want to make it too easy for them."

B.S.: "'You're right, old buddy, I kind of got carried away. Let's see...How about a toxic waste dump outside of Kerr Hall. God, I can just see the look on Jim Pepper's face."

A.G.: "You're getting warm, Bob, but it's still a little heavy-handed. We wouldn't want the protesters to die right off, you know."

B.S.: "Yeah, yeah. Maybe a slaughterhouse over there in the Kresge Meadow. Heh, heh, heh."

A.G.: "Look Bob, what if, over the summer, you get some of your people out to just start building something. Just clear some trees, don't do an Environmental Impact Report, break a law here and there, so when the students get back, BLAMMO. They'll jump all over it."

B.S.: "Are you sure? You think that would be enough? Hell, a little development never hurt anyone, they might like it."

A.G.: "I don't think so, Bob. If you play your cards right, you know, enough arrogance and steadfastnesss and shit, we could have a lawsuit on our hands."

B.S.: "Look Andy, don't you worry about it. You just have a good summer and when you get back, I'll surprise you."

Thanks, Bob, you did yourself proud. It's been a hell of a year.

—by Andy Gilbert

It's My College & I'll Cry If I Want To

They gathered quietly Tuesday night with lit candles, singing songs and reading poems, mourning a fierce battle lost: the Kresge College addition. The Campus Association for Responsible Development (CARD) called for this last protest of the year at the spot that got all this growth brouhaha started. The Kresge addition is located on the east side of the lower Kresge Bridge and when finished the project is slated to house 116 people.

Work on the Kresge addition started illegally last summer. When students returned in the fall, outrage over the University's failure to comply with the California Environmental Code led to the founding of CARD. "This brings it full circle; we started the year protesting here and this is where we ended it," said one attendee.

While CARD's lawsuit against the University was unsuccessful due to a technicality—an elapsed statute of limitations—by spring quarter, University insiders such as Crown Bursar Don VanDenBerg began to question the affordability of the Kresge addition and other small college additions.

The Council of Provosts (COP) voted to delay and further examine the costs of the Kresge addition but mysteriously, the project bid was sent out of the Office of Finance and Planning a half day after the COP vote, finalizing the project. The Kresge addition is now slated to open to students in fall of 1988.

The people who gathered at the site planted a tree in memory of the redwoods felled and called upon evil spirits to forever inhabit the underwear of Wendell Brase, vice chancellor of finance and planning.

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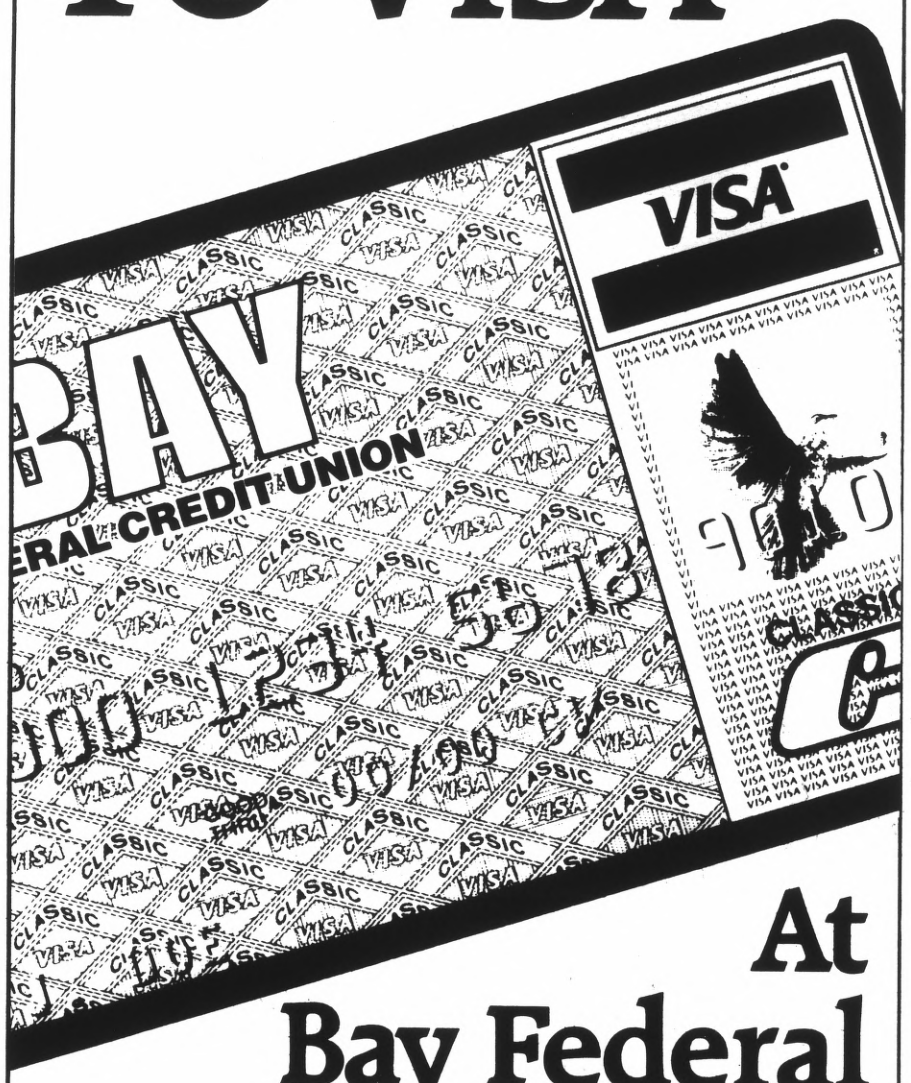
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BAY
FEDERAL CREDIT UNION

Bye Bye, Bob

by Garth Wolkoff

TEN YEARS AGO, THE COUNTRY wore polyester and gold chains, Ronald Reagan had just lost a bid for the Republican nomination for president, feminism was called women's lib, and people used condoms strictly for birth control. And in 1977, UCSC was a troubled campus: the year before, a chancellor was forced to resign; enrollment was rapidly diminishing; administrators at University Hall in Berkeley talked of selling the Santa Cruz campus. In September of that year, Robert Sinsheimer became UCSC's fourth chancellor.

Ten years later, on one of his last days as UCSC Chancellor, Sinsheimer sits in his office wearing a banana slug tie. Ironically, as he muses about the past decade, the banana slug might be the handiest testament to Sinsheimer's tenure and administration at UCSC, one that often made the campus angry and was deemed by some here as unsuccessful. The fight over the banana slug was perhaps Sinsheimer's glitziest battle, one that brought national attention to the campus and one that he lost. After the clamor and jeers, the Chancellor finally reversed his decision and switched UCSC's mascot back from the sea lion to the slug.

Now, as he sits looking out at the redwoods from his office window, cleaning up the decade's loose ends, all is quiet. The past week at least, students did not bang down his door, professors refrained from their caustic admonishments, and the local papers were free of any chancellor-bashing. Sinsheimer's domain—his until he hands the campus reins to Robert Bocking Stevens on July 1st—is as tranquil as the man appears to be as he anticipates the return to private life and academia.

"Obviously I'm prejudiced, but I like the present status of the campus—the growth in enrollment, the much improved image of the campus, the strength that we're beginning to see in a number of areas, and the policies that I've been trying to implement that are working," he says.

Why is Sinsheimer "prejudiced"? The way he tells it, after battling for ten years to set the campus on its feet, UCSC is finally "becoming a campus of real academic distinction." And it's headed in a prosperous direction: over 12,000 new students applied to UCSC this year, and he is pleased: the administration is hiring "quality" new faculty, and he is pleased; and Robert Sinsheimer is turning over to Robert Stevens a campus "in great shape."

Yet he hasn't always been so pleased. In an interview with *City on a Hill* in the fall of 1977—after just one month on the job, Sinsheimer said he saw the problems of Mark Christianson, the chancellor who resigned one year before Sinsheimer was appointed, as "primarily a lack of communication." Sinsheimer added that he did not sense "a pressure for major reorganization" of UCSC's academic setup. But two years later, he did just that.

"When I first came here, to be perfectly honest, [UCSC] was in worse shape than even I had realized. Enrollment had been going down and no one had been paying attention to it...the conflict between the role of the colleges and the role of the boards of studies just absorbed everybody's time...the conflict between the role of the colleges and the role of the boards of studies just absorbed everybody's time...the campus was in disarray."

And so Sinsheimer set about righting the University's wrongs. In 1979, he reorganized the colleges, taking away their power to sponsor college courses—except for core courses—and realigning faculty members with boards of study. Before his reorganization, professors split their academic affiliation between the colleges and the boards, and colleges could sponsor courses that fit into no specific discipline: a wine-making class, the fabled "Chicken Course," and the ultimate experiment in Kresge college transcendentalism, teacher and bard William Everson's "Birth of a Poet." But Sinsheimer changed all that, providing a much more disciplined and rigid academic diet for the campus.

"It wasn't so bad that Iverson was teaching 'Birth of a Poet' "—a class that involved meditation and lying down on the Kresge Town Hall floor—"but students were allowed to take this course three times and get credit every quarter. I mean, that was ridiculous. We had to start cracking down," said Sinsheimer. He thought that these kinds of classes "contributed to the flakey image" of the campus. "There was no coherence; they came to be known as 'Mickey Mouse' courses."

In his first year as Chancellor, Sinsheimer saw that the school was suffering from an image problem, one of many reasons enrollment had dipped so low. "The campus had acquired a bad image...of being a school that wasn't very serious intellectually and where students went to flake out in the redwoods."

Sinsheimer said he's made inroads in erasing the University's "flakey image" and of that he's proud. But along the the way, Sinsheimer has made a few enemies. During his UCSC career, he tampered with the college system, denied tenure to a few popular and respected faculty members, and was a prime mover in the institution of the grade option. In the eyes of many, Sinsheimer diluted the "ideal," that collegiate nirvana-concept espoused as the-way-things-should-be. Some faculty, still uncomfortable and downright displeased with Sinsheimer's reorganization of the colleges, "hark back to any earlier vision of Santa Cruz which they are not willing to recognize didn't work out," he said.

Many have complained bitterly that Sinsheimer's vision of the campus hasn't included teaching as a priority, and that his promotion policies have strayed from the "ideal," which holds teaching—not research—as paramount. In 1982, Sinsheimer was quoted in a prestigious academic journal as saying the UCSC faculty were "mediocre." He says that although the quote "was taken out of context...there are some faculty on this campus who are mediocre."



LOUISE MULLIS

BY HIS OWN ADMISSION, HIS RELATIONSHIP with students has not been altogether pleasant either. The McHenry Library foyer and steps, right in front of his office, have been the end of many a student pilgrimage in the last decade, protesting anything from faculty tenure decisions to campus growth. And while some of these demonstrations were not directly aimed at Sinsheimer, like the apartheid rallies of two years ago, the lion's share were.

But Sinsheimer remains stoically philosophical and even amused about the demonstrations, the criticism, and the letters to the editor in *City on a Hill*. "I realized a long time ago that mostly these are not personal attacks. They are opposition to the chancellor, and whoever was chancellor would be the recipient," he says.

> "I find students here, for all their professed liberalism and radicalism, remarkably conservative."
>
> —Robert Sinsheimer

His rapport with students has "not been as good as I would have liked." He paused and shuffled some papers on his desk. "I would have liked to have more understanding on the part of the students and perhaps more agreement with what I have been trying to do. I don't know whether I should have expected it, particularly from UC Santa Cruz students."

And then Sinsheimer looks up at me, smiles, and takes a different tactic. "I find students here, for all their professed liberalism and radicalism, remarkably conservative. They don't want anything to change. Anything. They don't want to grow, they don't want any buildings built, to change any programs, or anything now that exists."

He recalls one alumnus who told him the students protested just as adamantly 20 years ago. "He mentioned when he was a student, there was only Cowell and Stevenson, and the students objected when they were going to build Crown and Merrill. So if they had their way, there'd be only two colleges." Sinsheimer chuckled. "There seems to be a longstanding concern here that this place should remain a small preserve or something."

"I've encountered a kind of attitude from students who say, 'You're not listening, you don't hear me because you don't agree.' [As though] if you had heard them, you'd inevitably agree."

But Sinsheimer maintains he is not bitter. He admits that perhaps the most sticky faculty/tenure decision, the Nancy Shaw case, "could have been handled better on both sides." And although he is sticking to his guns over his most crucial policy decisions, he is not resentful of the student body or the faculty. Rather, Sinsheimer is pleased with the teaching, the research and "the direction the campus is heading."

Sinsheimer will face an uphill battle as he resumes his life after his ten-year career here. "I will try and catch up on the last ten years of research" in biology, he said. Sinsheimer received his PhD in biology at MIT and taught it for over 20 years before he came to UCSC. Sinsheimer may eventually return to a University of California campus—perhaps UCSC—to conduct research and teach.

And for the campus—one remade into an image not entirely pleasing to Sinsheimer's constituents—he looks for an increasing prominence in national academic circles. "The next ten years will really provide a major opportunity for the campus...to develop its academic competence—not that it's not competent now—but to really strengthen it and be a campus of real distinction in many areas."

LETTERS*to the*STAFF

Irrational Irradiation

Dear Staff:

I had not heard of food irradiation until reading Steve Parker's "The Fruits of Technology" (*City on a Hill*, April 30, 1987). The process of "shining" gamma radiation on foods to kill bacteria and insects startled me. I was wary of the idea and decided to do some research on my own.

The irradiation process kills the insects and decay-causing bacteria on food which would infest it and make it go bad. It also prolongs the shelf-life by ripping the DNA molecules in food apart, slowing ripening and decay processes to a crawl (without DNA, no cell division can occur, and the food cannot break down normally). The process can also destroy many of the essential A, B, C and E vitamins in the food. The part that worries me is, "Some preliminary studies reported carcinogenic substances in irradiated food, but the results have not been confirmed." It may also produce some toxins. It obviously needs more testing.

Unfortunately, I think Mr. Parker has vastly underestimated the problem. He only mentions TV dinners and fruit pies as being irradiated. Most spices, as well as some grains, medical supplies and drugs, have been irradiated on a commercial scale since 1983. In 1985, the FDA also approved gamma ray use on pork, fruits and vegetables.

The government itself has supplied irradiated food to the army and space program for years. This process is not a new problem at all. The first irradiated food was created at MIT in 1943. The government then spent over $80 million researching it from 1953-83. Marketing the process commercially has also been heavily debated in food and government circles for 30 years. Only the prospective Hawaiian irradiation plant was mentioned in the article, but to date there are 40 irradiation plants already operating. The Hawaiian one is small next to the existing problem.

He also mentions that the papaya test market "was carried out by GA Technologies, a marketing firm with strong ties to the nuclear industry." I am familiar with General Atomic Technologies, and it is not just a marketing firm, but also a large government contractor and research firm that has done much work in the nuclear industry. They have, no doubt, a conflict of interests and are a poor choice for an impartial test market done in this field.

The government has always been closely allied with the nuclear industry. It should come as no surprise that it plays a large role in the current movement. The Reagan administration would especially like to see food irradiation succeed. In 1977 Jimmy Carter banned the use of commercial nuclear waste for weaponry; President Reagan revoked this order after entering office. Since 1982, because of the Hart-Simpson amendment, the government has again been prevented from refining (into plutonium) commercial nuclear waste for weapons. The new process would give them a way around this ruling. When refining nuclear waste to get Cesium 137 (the element used as a gamma ray source), one by-product is, conveniently, plutonium. A system of irradiation facilities using Cesium 137 would indirectly be able to supply the nuclear arsenal with plutonium indefinitely. The Cesium 137 that was created would be leased out by the Department of Energy to various manufacturers to use in food processing.

As consumers, we cannot stand idly by. Already, 34 large food companies including General Foods and Beatrice/Hunt-Wesson have formed the Coalition for Food Irradiation. Once irradiation is begun, they will be able to ship food all over the world without fear of spoilage or spreading infestation. Thus far, they haven't invested in the technology for fear of how consumers will react. They have only waited for the right moment when we're receptive to move irradiated food into the market.

Food irradiation could be very beneficial, but is still a questionable process at best. Under no circumstances can we allow it to spread without further testing.

Sincerely,
Michael A. McKelvey

Thanks, Bob

Dear Staff:

Chancellor Sinsheimer's contribution to childcare at UCSC has been notable. He has supported and improved childcare on campus in the following ways:

- Developed the Chancellor's Advisory Committee on Childcare.
- Provided support to initiate the University Infant Care Center and assist them in achieving financial stability.
- Provided a loan to expand the Granary Childcare Center, increasing the number of children served by 30 percent.
- Provided student/fee funds to the Granary, subsidizing the children of student parents.
- Suggested a student body referendum ballot measure which provided a $3 a year fee per student, with proceeds directly going to support childcare on campus. The referendum passed by an overwhelming majority.
- Provided $180,000 to build a new childcare center at UCSC to serve the children of faculty, staff and students. This amount was matched by student reg fee reserves.

This part of Chancellor Sinsheimer's legacy will be respected and appreciated for many years to come by faculty, staff and students who will benefit from his accomplishments in this area.

Thank you,
D. Lyn Mateer
UCSC Childcare Committee

Don't Obscure The Cure

Dear Staff:

Congratulations *City on a Hill*! It takes a tremendous amount of courage to promote and print an article on schizophrenia. I hope you continue to address the mental health issue. Here are some suggestions to aid you.

The first suggestion is that a delineation be made between the psychotic individual and the schizophrenic. It is easy to read and find tales of the psychotic schizophrenic. Much harder to find and read are stories of schizophrenics recovering after a psychotic experience. Violence and psychosis may go together, but in order to educate your readers, stories like those can and should be avoided. The reality is such that violent tales scare people. Not all schizophrenics are psychotic. Schizophrenia is a disability. Unfortunately, there is no known support group for those individuals wishing to overcome their disorder.

Secondly, I would like to suggest you look into your own backyard. I know for a fact that discrimination exists within the staff and faculty at UCSC against the mentally disabled. I would like to think that the discrimination practices are due to lack of awareness and education on mental disorders. Perhaps some consciousness-raising would help alleviate the problem. On the other hand, the discrimination could be very deliberate. The very real question is:

"Do schizophrenics have the right to be admitted and treated fairly at UCSC?"

Jean Enright

The Fresia Fray

Dear Staff:

How important is student input to the administration's decision making regarding the hiring or firing of professors at this university? Answers to this question by members of the Academic Personnel Department are vague and unclear. "Student input is very important," they may say, but it seems to remain at the bottom of a list of priorities, the highest of which being how well the professor in question fits into the political structure of the department.

This strong contradiction of policy in a university which claims to give high regard to the voice of its students is revealing itself more and more to me in my work with the student coalition involved in getting Politics professor Dr. Gerald Fresia rehired for next year.

Our group believes Dr. Fresia is an invaluable part of this university's staff because of his passionate commitment to the field and innovative teaching techniques, but he has not been rehired.

Letters to the Politics Board have been written and are still coming in, and petitions are being circulated. Hopefully, UCSC's policy does hold true after all, and the students can make a difference. We'll see!

Sincerely,
Julia Feldman

Another Side to Schizophrenia

Dear Staff:

The story about schizophrenia (CHP, 5/28/87) is very offensive. As a mental health client, I do not think Alex Boudov or his sources have any understanding about the problems of individuals who are labeled mentally ill. Boudov writes the psychiatric establishment's party line on how mental health clients become violent because of this alleged illness. This statement is very misleading and dangerous because the overwhelming majority of mental health clients are not violent.

Also, Boudov's story about schizophrenia is very misleading. Since schizophrenia lacks a pathological basis, it should not be called a disease. Schizophrenia is a term describing delusional or anti-social behavior. Organizations like the Santa Cruz Alliance for the Mentally Ill, who are promoting schizophrenia awareness, are detrimental to the mental health client.

This disease philosophy creates the image of the mental health client as being a biologically inferior being. This image only promotes social prejudice against mental health clients. Also, this disease belief is a tool to justify the psychiatric oppression of civil liberties.

Unfortunately, the Alliance for the Mentally Ill is unfriendly to the civil rights protections of mental health clients. Since this organization's membership mainly consists of family members of mental health clients, the Alliance wishes that the state have the power to railroad any troublesome family member inside a psychiatric institution. In the guise of mental health, this action would relieve family members of their emotional and financial obligations (real or imagined) of supporting a troublesome individual.

Like all other news media presenters, I wish that *City on a Hill* would ask direct mental health consumers or patient rights' advocates about their version of the mental health scene.

Against psychiatric oppression,
Fred Barnett
Psychiatric Inmates' Rights Collective

Let's Active

Dear Staff:

Comrades, the time for conciliation is over! Agitate, educate, organize! I'm sorry but the last three years of campus politics have taught me that this administration responds best to blunt crisis, despite the pleas of well-intentioned, reform-within-the-system types.

All the committees and all the channels of student and faculty opposition to administration policy (on any issue you care to name) have only served to legitimize the predetermined decisions of a few powerful administrators. Only when students have taken initiative have we made any significant gains. Look at UC divestment, the banana slug and Third World Studies. The Narrative Evaluation System is once again under assault by those who rightly recognize its problems, but wrongly use them as an opportunity to dilute or scrap it instead of working to improve it.

"But civil disobedience and protest undermine student legitimacy and preclude thoughtful consideration of the complex issues facing the University," whines the calm, practical, concerned student. Sometimes, yes. Right now, no. Believe me, anyone who cares deeply for the essence of this "alternative" UC campus, now is the time to send a message to our new chancellor, our ever-increasing numbers of new students and our lame-duck administration. It hardly needs saying anymore that we are in the midst of a pivotal time in UCSC's existence. If that message means mobilizing student opinion beyond the capacity of normal administrative channels, so much the better. It would only demonstrate their historic inadequacy and our undeniable resolve.

Andrew T. Bracker

Don't Budge on the Budget

Dear Staff:

I have had it with our federal spending priorities and I've decided to do something about it! As part of a national campaign initiated by Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, I have worked together with many women in the Santa Cruz area to collect signatures on "Take Back the Budget" cards.

Locally, to date, we have gathered 919 signatures on the cards which read: "Our government has spent enough of my taxes on the military. I demand a federal budget that meets human needs. I urge you to cut the military budget by 50 percent and give the money back to housing, income security, health, nutrition and education programs that provide real security."

The breakdown on who the people chose to direct their comments to is: Panetta 307, Cranston 273, Wilson 263, Konnye 8, Reagan 63, Wright 5. The federal budget is OUR budget. The spending priorities should be that of the people—not the military-industrial complex.

If anyone is interested in joining this campaign and effecting change, contact WILPF, PO Box 61, Santa Cruz, 95063.

Toward Peace and Justice,
Kathleen Rose Tranchina

Commie Comment

Dear Staff:

I am strongly upset by the biased reporting this paper has taken against the Nicaraguan freedom fighters. Your paper has constantly tried to portray them as killers and bandits. This is a gross moral perversion. You also try to portray them as hacks of the deposed dictator, Anastasio Somoza. This is also totally untrue.

They are fighting against a Marxist-Leninist dictatorship that threatens to engulf all of Central America and later, Mexico. You have never reported about the fact that there is no independent press in Nicaragua and that all radio is censored. Or about lands that were unfairly confiscated and people that have been tortured and murdered by the communists. In Nicaragua, under the communists, one can be put in prison for a very long time just for speaking out against the government. How could anybody ever expect a fertile democracy under these conditions?

Don't get me wrong. I am sincerely desirous of peace in Central America. But a peace which serves to encourage further aggression and which leaves people enslaved is really no peace at all. Thus, until the communists are willing to democratize Nicaragua, we must stand firm in helping the contras help themselves.

Charles Ritz

CULTUREclips

Moving Images

For years, *City on a Hill*—especially the Arts section—has written about art, but rarely is the paper itself displayed as art. However, walk into the Cowell nehouse some day (or night), and you can meet some of UCSC's finest student artists—maybe not so much here in the editorial room (there are writers and then there are journalists), but past the business office, through "typesetting alley," and into the production room. There reside in the "dark room" our photographers, and in the dark corners (alone in deep thought), our illustrators. And yes, they are real artists.

Two such *City on a Hill*ers, Holger Leue (ex-production manager and photo editor) and Louise Mullis (responsible for the cover photo this issue), present their senior shows this week on campus. Holger's exhibit, entitled *Photojournalistic Images*, is a compilation of fascinating "moments;" he has a knack for clicking the shutter at exactly the right time. And speaking of time, Louise masterfully uses time-lapse photography to incorporate movement into her work. Her show is entitled *More Buildings About Food and Pictures*.

Both shows are article-free, meaning you won't have to read anything; but then again, these pictures are worth over a thousand words anyway.

Photojournalistic Images, *June 6-14, Stevenson Coffee House.* More Buildings about Food and Pictures, *Cowell Fireside Lounge, through June 14.*

Finales, Not Finals

It's end-of-the-year-show week this week for several UCSC artists. From June 3-7 the Theater Arts Board presents its annual *Chautauqua*, a compilation of short plays and choreography pieces by undergraduate students. You can catch most of the performances if you visit the Barn Theater for two nights—almost every piece is performed twice.

Another event to add to your end-of-the-year entertainment list is the *Electronic Music Concert* this Sunday. Featuring student composers from Peter Elsea's Advanced Electronic Music Seminar, the concert incorporates live electronic innovation as well as taped works. The production even includes a life-size reconstruction of an old-style analog synthesizer (for those who know about such things). "That was one of the trippiest things I've ever seen or heard of," said one student observer about last year's show. This year's concert should be every bit as trippy.

Chautauqua 1987, *June 3-7, Barn Theater, 7pm, call for ticket information.* Electronic Music Concert, *June 7, Performing Arts Concert Hall, 3pm, free.*

A Veteran Theatre

For years, Behind the Times Theatre has remained behind the times, but perhaps that's why they're the longest surviving community theater in Santa Cruz. This time they're presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's *H.M.S. Pinafore*—not the 45-minute version that's been touring town for the last two months, but the full, socially-and-politically-satirical shebang.



IAN HARPER



AUDIOSCOPE

AT THE CAT: Spot 1019 (*above*) opens for Camper Van Beethoven Friday at the Catalyst—the same stage sees Joan Jett and the Blackhearts (*left*) on Saturday.

CATALYST (1011 Pacific Ave., 423-1336) Over 21 only; unless indicated, shows start at 9:30.
Thurs: Rush Hour, plus Opto-Mystic, also X-10-Sive Research, $1 door
Fri: Camper Van Beethoven, plus Spot 1019, $4 adv/$5.50 door
Sat: Joan Jett and the Blackhearts, plus Elan, $9 adv/$10.50 door
Wed: Salsa Dance Party, plus Ruben Blades Y Seis Del Solar, $9.50 adv/$10.50 door
Thurs: Johnny Baron and the Bel-Aires, plus Gaia Rock Modern Dance Theater, also Alley Boys, $1

CIVIC (Church and Center Streets, 429-3444)

KUUMBWA (320-2 Cedar St., 427-2227)
Fri: Ann Whittington Quintet, 8pm, $3 door
Mon: Jack Dejohnette's Special Edition, 7:30pm & 9:30pm, $11
Fri: Woodtones, 8pm, $3 door

MORAGA CONCERT HALL (1307 Seabright Ave., 427-3012)

O.T. PRICE'S (2662 Soquel Dr., 476-3939) Over 21 only; unless indicated, show starts at 9:30
Thurs: O.J. Ekemode, 8:30pm, $6 adv/$7 door
Fri: Maria Muldaur Band, plus Rythm Box, $5 adv/$6 door
Sat: Skinsuit, $3 door
Mon: Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper, plus Dot 3, 8:30pm, $3 door
Tues: Big Twist, and The Mellow Fellows, 8:30pm, $3 door
Thurs: Freaky Executives, plus Kosono, 8:30pm, $4 adv/$5 door

SLUGGO'S (Porter College, 429-6807)
Sat: Barnacle Choir, plus Vomit Launch, 8pm

KRESGE COLLEGE

UPCOMING:
(6/16) Phil Alvin, O.T. Price's, 8:30pm, $3 adv/$4 door

Opening June 5 at the Veterans Memorial Auditorium on Front Street, the 1878 operetta runs for nine performances throughout this month. The performance centers on an admiral who commits a crime (a comment on Victoria's Prime Minister at the time). And during his confession he says, "I never thought of thinking of myself at all" (what a thought!). Sounds a lot like our own villainous admiral—Mr. Oliver North—to me.

H.M.S. Pinafore, *Veterans Memorial Auditorium, June 5-7, 11-14, 20-21, 8pm, 2pm Sundays. Tickets $8/$5 family package. mats. $7, $1 off for seniors.*

Last Word

The last Culture Clip of the year. I feel like I need to say something profound. I feel like—in this age of anti-anti-anti-missiles. . . and then the Exocet—I need to say something really profound. But, you see, Culture Clips really aren't a profound thing, are they? In fact, I hate to say it, but they're the opposite of profound. They're antifound. Or confound. Perhaps even lost and found.

I'm reminded of my good friend Jay Moscowitz when I suffer such an existential crisis as this. After 42 days of fasting, 26 days of meditation, and an hour of chewing on sunflower seeds (shells and all), he had a vision. He put life, the universe, and everything into perspective with a single, simple pronouncement. He called it the *Theory of Mootitivity*, and it reads something like this:

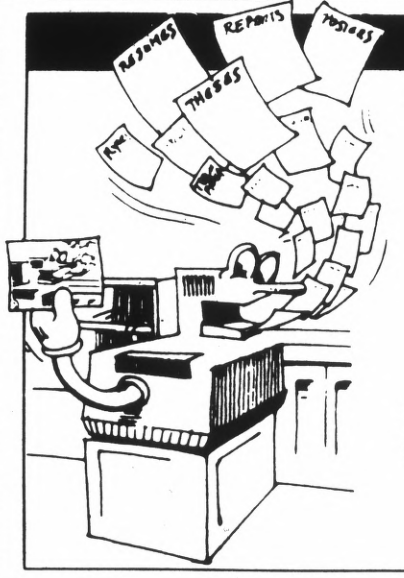
> *With all due respect, and in conjunction with life everlasting, all beings, non-beings and creations otherwise unlabeled, that herefore contribute toward or elicit unto the categories of nature (i.e., animal, vegetable or mineral. . .and Culture Clips) at any particular point in time, for any particular reason, shall, will and must, using all the God-given power—invested only in God—be unfortunately, unsympathetically and immediately hereby deemed, without remorse or uncertainty, inevitably and irrevocably moot.*

I think with that I can comfortably, unsympathetically and immediately close my year at *City on a Hill.*

Theory of Mootitivity, *time: moot, place: moot, tickets: moot.*

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CALENDAR

Friday 5

☐theater

Chautauqua: an evening of senior thesis productions—new plays, dance and performance pieces written, directed and performed by students. 7pm, Barn Theater, $2 general; $3 pass for all five nights.

☐concerts

UCSC Concert Choir and Chamber Singers, conducted by Elizabeth Marcus, perform *The Masque in Dioclesian* by Purcell, the *Neue Liebeslieder Walzer Op. 65* by Brahms and other works. 8pm, Performing Arts Concert Hall, $5 general; $2 students/seniors.

Babatunde Kayode, Yoruba poet and dramatists, with drummer Akinlana Sangotosin, presented by *The River Shall Never Be At Rest: Transitions in Yoruba Art*. 8pm, Porter Provost House, free.

☐lectures

Cellular Mechanisms of Learning in a Model System: Extrapolations to Human Psychology. Dr. W. Jackson Davis, UCSC Biology professor. Program in Experimental Psychology Colloquia. 2:30pm, Kerr 499, free.

☐meetings

CORC meeting, 3-5pm, Cowell Health Center Conference Room, free.

Estudiante para la Salud del Pueblo meeting, discussion of current relevant issues followed by documentaries/movies. 6pm, Oakes Art Lounge, free.

☐sports

Ongoing daily aerobics; classes meet at various times and locations. Call Sheryl at x2806 for info. $2 per class or $18 for ten classes.

☐exhibits

Masterpieces of Yoruba Sculpture/Work from West Africa, drawn from the collections of the Museum of Cultural History, UCLA and the Lowie Museum, UCB. May 10-June 5, 11am-5pm, Tues.-Sun., Sesnon Gallery, Porter, free.

☐dance

Celebrate at Oakes! Top 40s, funk, dance music. DJs are Franco and Kev. IDs will be checked. 9pm, Oakes Learning Center, $1.

☐miscellaneous

Instruction ends.

Lesbian Writing Group: celebrate the publication of *In Our Own Arms: Issue IV*, lesbian poetry journal at Santa Cruz. Poetry reading by the Lesbian Writing Group. 7:30pm, Cardiff House (Women's Center), free.

Saturday 6

☐movies

To Kill a Mockingbird; *History of the Klan*; *Destination: Nicaragua*; *Woza Albert*; *PUSH: Freedom Film Festival (Part 2)*. Two showings at 5 and 8pm. For more info, call Pat Arnold, 425-7618. Classroom Unit 2, $5 general; $4 students. All films: $7 general; $6 students.

☐theater

Chautauqua: an evening of senior thesis productions—new plays, dance and performance pieces written, directed and performed by students. 7pm, Barn Theater, $2 general; $3 pass for all five nights.

VIEWfinder

APTOS TWIN 688-8541
I. Beverly Hills Cop II 1:10, 3:20, 5:30, 8, 10:30
II. The Secret of My Success 1:30, 3:40, 5:50, 8:10, 10:30

CAPITOLA THEATER 475-3518
Children of a Lesser God 7, 10:35 with Hannah and Her Sisters 8:50

DEL MAR 425-0818
I. The Untouchables 12:30, 2:50, 5:15, 7:45, 10:15
II. Earnest Goes to Camp 12:40, 2:30, 4:20, 6:10, 8:00, 10:20
III. The Gate 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, with Creepshow II 2:45, 7:50, 9:50
IV. American Ninja II 6:30, 9:50, with Steel Justice 1:15, 4:45, 8:10

41st AVE. PLAYHOUSE 476-8841
I. Raising Arizona 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30
II. The Chipmunk Adventure 1:15, 3, 4:45, 6:30, 8:10, 9:45
III. Gardens of Stone 1:20, 3:55, 6:30, with Project X 3:30, 7:45

MOVIE I & II 426-9400
I. Radio Days 6:45, 10:05 with Blind Date 8:25, Sun mat. 4:40
II. Lethal Weapon 6:35, 10:25 with Extreme Prejudice 8:35, Sun mat. 4:40

NICKELODEON 426-7600
I. Hollywood Shuffle 6:50, 10:20, Sun mats. 3:50, 5:25
II. Man Facing Southeast 7:10, 9:10, Sun mats. 3:20, 5:25
III. 84 Charing Cross Rd. 6:30, 8:20, 10:10, Sun mats. 2:50, 4:40
IV. Working Girls 6:45, 8:30; Sun mat. 5:05
V. The Rocky Horror Picture Show (Fri-Sat only) 11:10
VI. Swimming to Cambodia 10:10; Sun mat. 3:25

RIO 423-2000
Platoon 7, 9:20; Sun-Mon matinees, 2:15, 4:35

SASH MILL 427-1711
Thurs-Sun: Hour of the Star 7:30, with Black Orpheus 9:15
Meet On Company Business 7:30
The Wild Bunch 7:30, with Cockfighter 9:30
Thurs-Fri: Rose and Hawthorne 7:30
Thurs-Fri: Rose and Hawthorne 7:30

UA 426-8383
I. Harry and the Hendersons 5:45, 8, 10:10; Sat-Sun mats. 1:20, 3:30
II. Ishtar 5:20, 7:35; Sat-Sun mat. 1, 3:10

ARTfinder

Baskin Arts: Senior Group Comprehensives: Drawing, Painting, and Sculpture. June 12-14

JB Hall Gallery & Porter College House: Photography.

COWELL

Coffee Shop: Nature photography by Matthew Joyce through June 6.

Fireside Lounge: *More Buildings About Food and Pictures*: Senior show by Louise Mullis; May 30-June 14. Reception June 6, 6pm.

Eloise Pickard Smith: *Novas '87*: All-Media Exhibit of UCSC art students; Opens May 31. Through June 14. Juried by Charles Hilger.

PORTER

Sluggo's: *Concerning the Spiritual in Art*: by Guilliver Rankin; through June 7.

Patio: *Slug Art* opens June 7.
Human Steel Imagery: Steel sculpture by James Hill. Opens May 23.

Mary Sesnon Gallery: *The River Shall Never be at Rest: Transitions in Yoruba Art*. Through June 10, Tues-Sun 11-5pm.

STEVENSON

Coffee House: Fred Betz, May 24-June 6.
Photojournalistic Images by Holger Leue, Reception June 6, at 2pm. Through June 14.
Pavel Machotka: *Recent Paintings*: ...ption May 29, 5-7pm. Through ... 9am-9pm daily.

Whole Earth ... *Dogs, and Maybe a Couple of* ...nts by Michael Doug... June 9.
Photos of ...*hers* by Andrea K...
Starts June 11.

An African meal, presented by *The River Shall Never Be At Rest: Transitions in Yoruba Art* followed by a performance by a Yoruba poet and dramatist and drummer. Call Amy Wheeler 425-9068 or Andree LeBourveau at 426-7195 for dinner reservations. 6pm, Porter Provost House, $5 for dinner.

☐concerts

UCSC Concert Choir and Chamber Singers, conducted by Elizabeth Marcus, perform *The Masque in Dioclesian* by Purcell, the *Neue Liebeslieder Walzer Op.* ... by Brahms, and other works. ...pm, Performing Arts Concert Hall, $5 general; $2 students/ seniors.

☐lectures

Lectures on cultural and social aspects of Soviet society, sponsored by Ben T. Clark Russian Club, in conjunction with Runners for Peace. 9am, Stevenson 175, free.

☐sports

Ongoing daily aerobics; classes meet at various times and locations. Call Sheryl at x2806 for info. $2 per class or $18 for ten classes.

☐miscellaneous

Art show reception for *More Buildings About Food and Pictures*. 6pm, Cowell Fireside Lounge, free.

Sunday 7

☐theater

Chautauqua: an evening of senior thesis productions—new plays, dance and performance pieces written, directed and performed by students. 7pm, Barn Theater, $2 general; $3 pass for all five nights.

☐concerts

The work of students in Peter Elsea's course in electronic music culminates in a performance at the end of the quarter. Everyone is welcome to come in and listen. 3pm. Performing Arts Concert Hall, free.

☐meetings

GO Club: play and instruction of GO, an ancient Oriental game of intricate tactics and subtle strategy. All levels welcome, including beginners. 7pm, Baobab Conference Room, Merrill, free.

Newman Club: come share in mass and fellowhip with the Catholic Newman Club. 7pm, Cowell Health Center Conference Room, free.

Monday 8

☐meetings

Ecumenical Christian Fellowship invites Christians of all denominations to share in fellowship, prayer and discussion. 7pm, Charles Merrill Lounge, free.

☐miscellaneous

Final Exams—June 8-12.

French Conversation Club: please come practice/brush up on your French with Jean-Pierre. 8pm, Stevenson Coffeeshop, free.

Tuesday 9

☐lectures

Isolation of ... and trans-acting Regulatory Domains from the Yeast Genome. Dr. George Santangelo, UCSC. Helen C. Escolle Seminar. 4pm, Thimann 1, free.

☐meetings

Campus Safety Committee meets each month, 2nd Tuesday. 8:30am, Porter Fellows Lounge, free.

Wednesday 10

☐meetings

Campus Long Range Development Plan Committee will meet to discuss the draft LRDP. 4pm, Crown Merrill Multipurpose Room, free.

Newman Club Fellowship: come share in our scripture study and discussion. 7pm, Merrill Baobab Lounge, free.

☐miscellaneous

Italian Conversation Club: come practice/brush up on your Italian with Jean-Pierre. 8pm, Stevenson Coffeeshop, free.

Thursday 11

☐meetings

University Club Committee meeting. 9am, Chancellor's Conference Room, free.

Latino Graduation: mandatory meeting if planning to participate in graduation ceremonies. 5:30pm, McHenry Library Conference Room 325, free.

Big Mt. Education Committee: meeting to plan and put on educational/fundraising events. 7pm, Kresge 319, donation accepted.

SISCAP: help stop US intervention in Central America. Student action does make a difference! 7pm, Charles Merrill Lounge, free.

Stonewall Gay Men's Alliance: weekly rap group and social. Social starts at 9pm. Everyone encouraged to attend. 7:30pm, Cowell Conference Room, free.

Amnesty International is a worldwide movement for human rights. Come write appeals on behalf of prisoners of conscience throughout the world. Join our conspiracy of hope. 8pm, Cowell 220, free.

☐miscellaneous

International Women's Coffee Hour provides a unique opportunity for international women and American women to meet one another in an informal setting. Pre-school age children welcome. 10am, Cardiff House (Women's Center), free.

To get your on-campus event listed in Calendar:

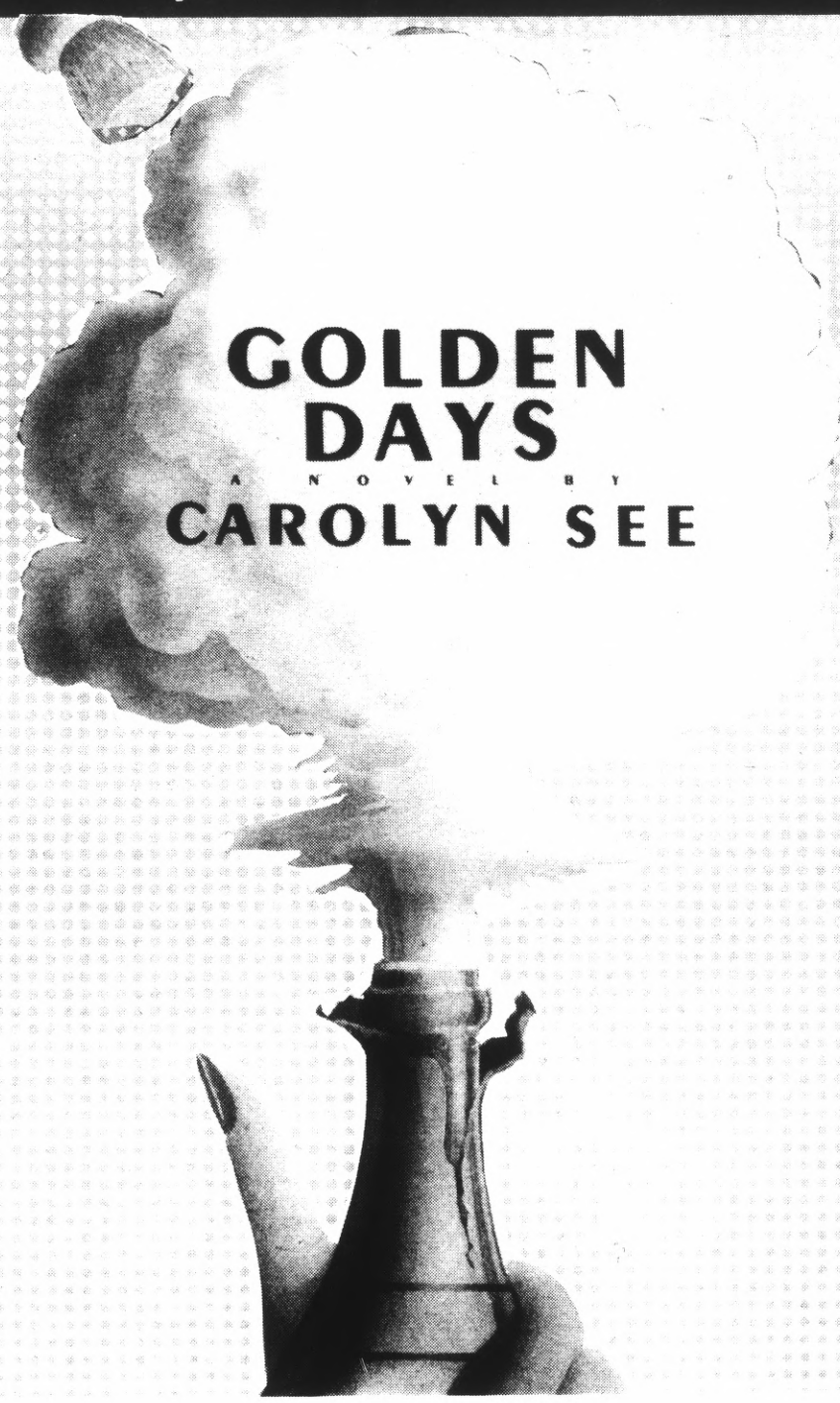
Student organizations must contact the Campus Activities Office by 4pm Wednesday two weeks prior to the event.

Campus boards and units must contact the CAO by Monday 4pm the week before the event.

HOLGER LEUE

CITY *on a* HILL'S

LITERARIA



Having a Blast in LA

by Rise Anne Keller

Golden Days, *by Carolyn See. McGraw Hill, 196 pages, $15.95.*

WHAT IF THE BOMB dropped and. . . .it wasn't all that bad?

The answer lies in *Golden Days*, a novel by Carolyn See chronicling the adventures of a feisty, funny Los Angeles woman from a few years before, to shortly after, a nuclear war. This is See's fifth novel; she is also a Los Angeles *Times* book reviewer, and collaborates with her oldest daughter and another friend on popular novels published under the pseudonym Monica Highland.

While this is a novel in part about nuclear destruction, it's not *Hiroshima*, or "The Day After," or *Testament*, to name a few of the other accounts or explorations of the "unthinkable." *Golden Days* not only offers an alternative "history" of nuclear war, but it's also the quintessential California novel, replete with expensive weekend seminars and miracle workers, trendy eateries and perfect weather. Above all, it is a novel about having fun.

Edith Langley, the book's 38-year-old narrator, has just toted her two children (by two former husbands) back to her hometown, Los Angeles, in the back seat of her dented old Porsche. They settle into the paradise of high-walled Topanga Canyon, Edith vowing to become rich and powerful. Then, just as we're expecting a formula romance novel with a predictable ending, Edith entreats, "But if you think you aren't going to care about this story, hold on. It's the most important story in the Western world! Believe me."

And we do believe her, because she's a good person, and because she tells a good story. She loves her two daughters, she has real, down-to-earth fears and lots of good advice for the women taking her UCLA extension course on gems ("*Stand firm*, keep the house in case of a divorce, avoid credit cards like the plague, hold that money close to your vest and buy *stones*."). She becomes friends with a wealthy man who wants to start a women's bank—and make her president. By the time she has achieved her desired money and power, we again fear a happy ending coming too soon and wonder what comes next.

In her lively, gossipy tone, Edith tells us about her reunion with her best friend from college. Lorna, a bitchy worker of real miracles, rollerskates in with the charismatic leader of a weekend financial seminar, which Edith attends and plans to expose as a big hoax in her financial newspaper column. But Edith and her banker partner Skip love the seminar; they learn how to swing on each other's arms and say "*OOOO-eeee! I see abundance everywhere!*"—and mean it. From here, Edith and Lorna renew their old friendship, exchanging divorce stories and ambitions.

Here chaos starts to insinuate itself into daily life. The rich and powerful, including Edith and Lorna, shield their children in private schools in unpublicized locations as wars break out all over the world and violent outbursts terrorize city dwellers.

But in those last days, not everyone panics. Edith sticks with her family and friends. They eat out at great restaurants, places where "no one can be sure the end is coming; the general feeling. . . .is that at least it won't be coming until after lunch." It's a tense time, a moment when, in "a bid for the divine, for historical immortality," a famous cook laces his food with LSD.

SEE'S GREATEST ACCOMplishment up to this point is her storytelling. She evokes our most extreme feelings about the world we live in, and chides, "*Remember this!*" She pinches and pokes us as readers throughout. She shocks us by swearing left and right and observing things like, ". . .though our leaders all spoke of payloads and big bangs and each missile perfectly mimicked a prick right down to the foreskin, nobody cared to *discuss* it."

In her language, See also works at narrowing the gap between spoken and written literature. She italicizes words constantly, demanding reactions and making us *hear* the words the way we hear the conversations of J.D. Salinger's characters. The things Edith learns at the weekend seminar seem hokey at first, but by the end of the book, we're hearing ourselves say "*OOOO-eeee!*" right alongside her, because it's *fun* to say aloud, and to hear.

When the bomb finally drops, Edith and her circle have safely ensconced themselves in her canyon home. They have sacks of rice, some water, and plenty of multiple vitamins. With damp rags and trash cans filled water, they save their house. Then they wait.

Eventually Edith and what is left of her family emerge, "butt ugly," their skin tough and darkened, "unnecessary" body parts (hair, noses, teeth, ears, eyelids, breasts) fragile or gone. But they are *alive*, and happy to be that way. They've lived on snails and rye grass ("*I see abundance everywhere!*") At last, they pick their way down the canyon toward the ocean to see the world. They find that elsewhere much has indeed been destroyed, but here, on the water's edge, the sand has melted into "sheets of glittering colored glass. . .like jewelry in handfuls." It is populated by survivors, the "hardy laughers, mystics, crazies," the "ones who had been making love, or napping, or fixing dinner, when the End came."

In the time between the bomb's devastation and Edith and her family's emergence, the world has changed so much that so has the language—or at least its meaning. "I speak in a language no longer attached to what is real. How pretty those words were! *Hoodoo. Tarmac. Triscuit. Television.*" Thus this novel is also about how language works—how people preserve a culture, or how they make the intangible real by naming it, or how they name their worst fears, reducing them to mere words that can be scribbled on paper and tossed away.

This book rarely disappoints. A plot twist having to do with Edith's loss of her oldest daughter seems forced. And the chapter on "How Men Lived," about the men who the novel's women blame for creating bombs and wars, is meanspirited and false, despite Edith's apology for not being able to tell men's stories.

But the great—dare I say it—message of this book far outshines its flaws. *Golden Days* is a story full of the wonder that can only come from truly loving the world and some (but not all) of its inhabitants. In combining nuclear war with lots of good-hearted, if often ironic, advice and a rollicking good tale, Carolyn See entreats us to remember, preserve and give voice to the things we love before the End, in the chance that there can be a New Beginning.

City on a Hill thanks Plaza Books for the loan of the books reviewed in this edition of *Literaria*.



Hold on, Mister President

Say it Again and Again, Sam

by Darrell Satzman

Hold on, Mr. President, *Sam Donaldson, Random House, 254 pages, $17.95*

PRESIDENT REAGAN HURries across the White House lawn to a helicopter waiting to wisk him off to Air Force One. He has just emerged from a meeting with his closest advisors and WWIII may be only a code word and a key turn away. Suddenly, a voice calls out from beyond the press rope, barely audible above the din of the chopper's blades. Secret Service agents, reacting to the outburst as if it had been fired from a gun, scramble to subdue the madman. But as they drag him away he lets loose a shout that finds its way to the microphones, and then caroms into the living rooms of a hundred million Americans.

"Hold on, Mr. President, the American people demand to know what the hell is going on!"

Sam Donaldson violently jerks awake, his throat dry and his body soaked in a cold sweat. Nightmare? Hardly. For Sam Donaldson this is a wet dream.

In *Hold On, Mr. President*, Sam Donaldson's autobiographical account of his career in big-time journalism, Donaldson doesn't resort to such drastic scenarios as this to prove his enthusiasm for his trade. Instead, by creating a balance between his "go-for-the-throat" style and his "nothing personal" approach, Donaldson attempts to emerge from the pages of his book as the prototype of good journalism. Unfortunately, Donaldson uses too much of his book trying to live up to his stoic image while unnecessarily attempting to justify his aggressiveness at the same time, and his overblown treatment of the issue detracts from the better aspects of the book.

Donaldson is obviously a fine journalist, but regrettably he is not content to let his actions speak for themselves. His persistence at following up much of what he says in *Mr. President*, with a feeble explanation of his motives leaves the book with a rather dull tone. He writes:

I'm a reporter who goes to work every morning to cover the President of the United States. I have



one goal: to find out what's really going on at the White House. That involves a lot more than just writing down what the President and his aides say. Sometimes they don't say. And when they do, they often don't say it all . . . There's nothing illegal or even immoral in wanting to do all that.

It's clear Donaldson is just doing his job, but the continuous rationalization makes him appear paranoid.

As chief White House correspondent for ABC News, Donaldson has developed a reputation for "toughness" that has led him to become one of the most respected—and feared—journalists in America. "If you send me to cover a pie-baking contest on Mother's Day, I'm going to ask dear old Mom whether she's used artificial sweetener in violation of the rules, and while she's at it, could I see the receipt for the apples to prove she didn't steal them," quips Donaldson.

Unfortunately, even if he discovered that "dear old Mom" did steal the apples, it seems Donaldson would hesitate about deeming her a criminal. His fear of conflict in *Mr. President*, leads to contradictions that wear against the book's credibility. Discussing former presidential press secretaries Jody Powell and Larry Speakes (under Carter and Reagan, respectively), Donaldson states:

Speakes had certain techniques he used in trying to duck questions. He belittled the questioner. He attempted to set print reporters against broadcast reporters. He debated the need to even ask questions on a particularly sore subject . . . Jody Powell and I also used to have knock-down drag-out fights. Once on a press plane flying between El Paso and Cleveland, we stood toe to toe and almost came to blows.

A few pages later Donaldson changes his opinion, adding: "I like both Powell and Speakes and respect the fact that the job of the press secretary is a very tough one." Donaldson diffuses any possibly explosive remarks, as if he's afraid to jeapordize the faith of his contacts.

PERHAPS IF DONALDSON had been willing to step on Powell's toe or on a few others in his book, he could have saved *Mr. President* from becoming merely a dull patch-work. His anecdotes and recollections of the biggest news stories of the past 20 years are the prime attraction of *Mr. President*, yet they are scattered indiscriminately throughout the text. One of Donaldson's favorite subjects is the Iran-contra affair, but he never discusses it at length, choosing instead to spread comments about the issue from one end of the book to the other. This proves to be an ineffective approach, giving the book a choppy feel that quickly grows tiresome.

Every time Donaldson takes a step to demonstrate his journalistic prowess, he takes a step back to show that he's really an okay guy.

The most successful chapters in *Mr. President* deal with Donaldson's coverage of Carter and Reagan, and his knowledge of them as "individuals" rather than presidents. Donaldson's close proximity to the White House leads to some insightful and revealing passages about the two men.

On Reagan:

Reagan is not a dunce in the dictionary definition of the word. He has a good mind when he wants to use it. Unfortunately, he doesn't seem to take the time to use it very often. Reagan's lack of knowledge about the modern world doesn't stem from any intellectual failings but from his disinclination to take the trouble to find out what's going on.

On a softball game with Jimmy Carter:

Carter was the pitcher, as usual. I played on the other team, as usual. And we all had a good time until I tried to steal third base.

"You can't steal in softball," said Carter. "You're out."

"Let's let him just go back to second," said Frank Moore, Carter's old chief congressional liason, who was the umpire. "He doesn't know the rules."

Carter was unmoved. Things like that are very important to him.

"No," said the former President, jaw jutting forward, sweat running down his face. "The rules say he's out, and I'm not going to pitch another ball until he leaves the field."

I left.

Despite its interesting moments, *Hold On Mr. President* falls flat. Donaldson's smooth broadcasting style doesn't carry over into his prose, which in contrast to his lively television work is quite passive and even boring. Every time Donaldson takes a step to demonstrate his journalistic prowess, he invariably takes a step back to show that he's really an okay guy in spite of his aggressive approach. "I am an honest, careful reporter and I try to keep my personal views out of my daily news work," writes Donaldson. "I'm satisfied I'm not compromising my integrity or credibility with viewers by performing the dual role of reporter/commentator."

It's too bad that Donaldson feels that he must constantly explain himself and justify his actions. Perhaps the only thing he really needs to explain is what possessed him to write this book in such a soporific fashion.

Haunting Hybrids

by Kevin Dulyea

Te Kaihau, The Windeater, *by Keri Hulme, Victoria University Press, 240 pages, $15.95.*

TE KAIHAU, THE WINDEATER is a collection of often strange stories but their eccentricity is the only thing they have in common. Ranging from bizarre poetry to formal narrative, Hulme's work proves stylish. And like a modern genetic scientist, her experimentation with writing and language often produces hybrids of literary work which are haunting and effective. But Hulme occasionally writes only for herself and the writing is so "far-out" and autistic that her experimentation sometimes fails.

Hulme doesn't hesitate to write for herself. Transient thoughts are strung together and spiced with her own native New Zealand dialect: you feel as though you are peering into her personal diary. She not only writes about the experience and settings of her homeland New Zealand, but like a daily diary, her prose often lacks cohesiveness and fluidity. In the story "Tara Diptych," she writes:

And I'm telling things the tonguing thing and gasping over my grass-stalk with amazement and you're not me and you're not me and I am myself alone.

Unfortunately, the separation between author and reader becomes frustratingly apparent in a few of her stories. At times, one gets the feeling that Hulme forgets her audience completely, and plunges headlong into the inner recesses of her creative unconscious. In a single sentence, she writes:

You are just lying there on the hillside in the holy afternoon sun and the images are flowing through you, now a soap opera—this character weeping tears of applied saline solution and this character stony-faced, and stony-hearted and stony-voiced and this character, whilst tangling with a spinal ganglion, still endeavoring to keep a brave fixed smile alight—and now a real-life blood drama [see the pistol jerk back and the head shove to an aside and the face just before dying grimace, similar grimaces from killer and killed], and right now, going through the atom-sieve of your left ankle, a barely boring barely interesting report on Ms. Universal Torque Conservacy 1993.

This schizophrenic language creeps up throughout the novel, and we feel somehow excluded from these words; this is Hulme's world, a place that we can only examine from afar.

Not all of Hulme's writing is abstract and convoluted, however. In fact, most of her stories are more formal and stylized. And when she speaks to her audience more conventionally, we can appreciate the subtleties of her writing that are sometimes lost in her more poetic/experimental verse. The reader is no longer a stranger, but intimately shares Hulme's vision of feeling and human emotion, which are often highlighted against a background of painful, sometimes tragic losses.

One such story, "Hooks and Feelers," masterfully depicts a New Zealand family's psychological portrait in the aftermath of a minor tragedy. A simple shy smile can be subtly profound:

He looks across to his ma and they smile slyly at one another, smiles like invisible hands reaching out, caressing secretly, weaving and touching.

Hulme's plots, like her writing, defy homogeneity. While she is clearly a writer who weaves her stories out to the delicate fabric of psychological revelations, her plots sample the extremes of tragedy and commonplace with nothing in between. In "Hooks and Feelers," the mother, angry at her son for spilling peanuts on the car floor, accidentally slams the car door on the child's arm. The damage suffered is medically irreparable and the boy receives an artificial limb. The story ends with the father rescuing the son and mother from a near double drowning (the mother was attempting suicide).

Not only are these stories entertaining, they are, for the most part, believable. Because Hulme's writing is subtle and unpolished, it imitates life in its most real form. Her stories incorporate insignificant details, like a dripping faucet in the bathroom. She writes:

Then he walks swiftly around the rocks into the other caves.

A wave rushes over my feet. The tide is coming in fast.

But unlike "real" life (or at least my life), a few stories are often predictable: a nun questions her faith; a teenager leaves home. And Hulme's attempts at humor don't relieve any tension—which would be nice in Hulme's disturbing stories. In "Kiteflying Party at Doctor's Point," a depressed woman sits on the beach when a little girl passes:

She shies as she passes me, but turns to grin shyly. Small white needlepoint fangs.

My lips curl in reply. Suck off bloodimp. Her smile wavers. She trots off faster.

The scene is humorous, but the effect is short-lived as Hulme segues back into the depressed woman's life.

We somehow feel excluded from Hulme's writing; it's her world, a place we an only examine from afar.

Te Kaihau, The Windeater, because of its story variation and varied writing style, is never boring; indeed, it makes for some interesting and at times arresting reading. Hulme's best writing occurs when she is introspective. . . but conscious of us—her readers—as well.

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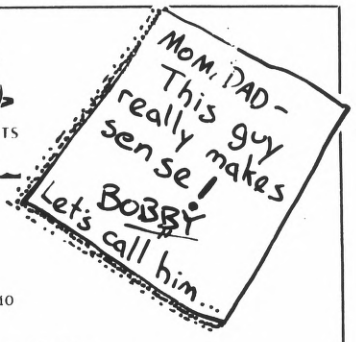
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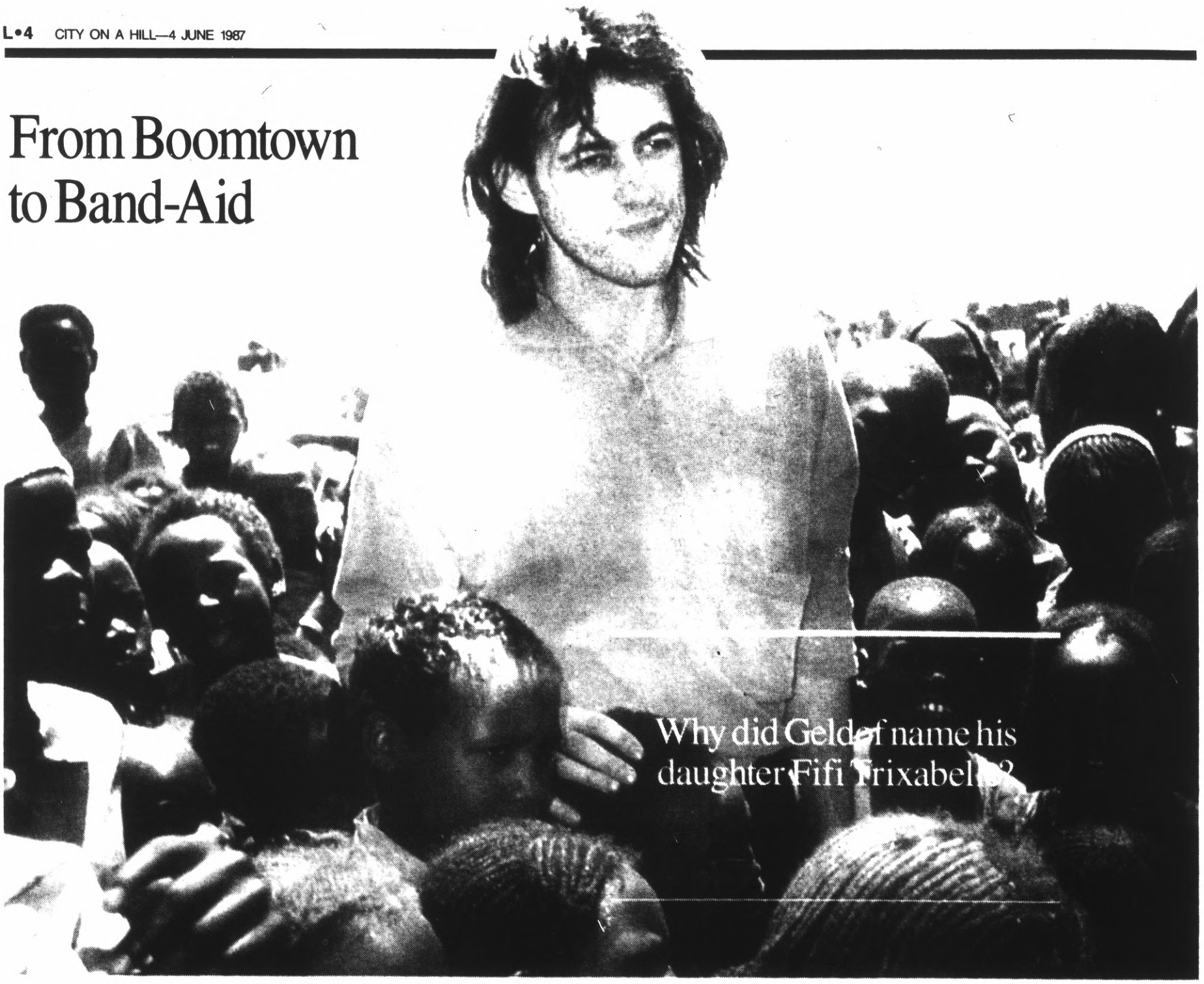
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From Boomtown to Band-Aid



by Simon Hunt

Is That It?, *by Bob Geldof with Paul Vallely, Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 352 pages, $18.95.*

WHEN I FIRST HEARD that Bob Geldof's autobiography *Is That It?* had been released, I felt a sense of relief. At last, I thought, I'll be able to find out why Geldof, apparently a reasonably intelligent man, named his daughter Fifi Trixabelle. The book is actually rather vague on this point, but I am still glad to have had the opportunity to peruse Geldof's memoirs. *Is That It?* captures all the irreverent charm of its author and is a well-written account of an extremely interesting life. Above all, Geldof's honesty, humility and humor make his book compelling.

Although his beginnings were rather inauspicious, Geldof has been in the public eye since he and his rock band, The Boomtown Rats, rose to fame as part of the punk movement of the late 70's. In 1984, with the Rats' popularity waning, Geldof saw a television documentary about the famine in Ethiopia. Outraged by what he saw, he set out to help the victims of that tragic disaster. He wrote the song, "Do They Know It's Christmas" and assembled an all-star cast of musical friends and acquaintaces to perform for "Band-Aid," a trust he established specifically for famine relief. Band-Aid then inspired the subsequent Live-Aid concert and countless other rock-for-charity events both for famine relief (such as the song "We Are the World," recorded by the superstar ensemble, USA for Africa) and for other causes (such as Amnesty International/Conspiracy of Hope concerts).

Writing about his Dublin childhood, Geldof offers a painfully frank portrait of himself as a borderline juvenile delinquent who lied, stole and was constantly at war with his father. However, these unpleasant memories are always tempered with humor. Geldof brilliantly evokes the childish glee he achieved by wearing horrendously ugly homemade ties and always being the most unkempt child in his school (Geldof's now notoriously scruffy appearance led four-year-old Prince William to remark "He's all dirty.").

Is That It? is equally frank about Geldof's experience with the silver screen. The book makes no attempt to hide Geldof's mixed feelings about his critically acclaimed performance in Pink Floyd's *The Wall*. "Pink Floyd are crap," he complained when offered the role. Geldof also reveals rather sheepishly that he turned down a role in the blockbuster *Flashdance* because he didn't like the script.

THOUGH THE BOOMTOWN Rats achieved a measure of fame in their day, and though many people saw him star in *The Wall*, Geldof is not known primarily as a singer or as an actor, but as Saint Bob, the pied piper of famine relief, the man who began the recent series of rock-and-roll-as-fundraising-tool events. Fittingly, a large portion of *Is That It?* documents his work in this area. Fortunately though, Geldof avoids being preachy in his discussion of the tragic famine in Africa. By not simply rattling off a list of his achievements and the many awards he has received for his work, he also escapes the danger of appearing conceited.

Throughout his descriptions of his extremely successful fundraising ventures, Geldof writes with a sincere humility. He truly seems embarrassed by labels like "Saint Bob" and claims that there is nothing special about him. He writes that his involvement in famine relief came about as if God had come down from heaven "to find someone to undertake the task of alerting the world to the holocaust which was sweeping the continent of Africa," found Geldof by mistake, and thought, "Oh, never mind, he'll do."

Geldof even seems embarrassed to have been singing on the same records and the same stages as the stars who participated in Band-Aid and Live-Aid. "Spot the non-rock-legend," he writes as a caption for a photograph of himself with David Bowie, Pete Townshend and Paul McCartney. However, Geldof's humility is endearing and actually makes his accomplishments seem even more amazing.

The only real gripe I have about *Is That It?* is that Geldof doesn't tell us enough about Paula Yates (Since the book's publication, Yates and Geldof have married). Though the two moved in together and had a baby (the aforementioned Fifi Trixabelle), the reader knows almost nothing about Yates and even less about the nature of her relationship with Geldof. Pehaps Geldof thinks that his love life is, as he writes in his dedication to Yates and Fifi, "more than words can say." Nevertheless, such an ommission is most unfortunate in a book which otherwise seems extremely open and honest.

That minor complaint aside, I wholeheartedly recommend *Is That It?*. Whether you regard Bob Geldof as a loudmouth slob, a washed-up singer or a genuine hero, his autobiography makes fascinating reading. As Geldof writes of his life, "It's been pretty weird so far."



At times, *Of Love and Shadows*, reads like a Nancy Drew mystery.

Shadows of the Surreal

by Elizabeth Kadetsky

Of Love and Shadows, *by Isabel Allende. Knopf, 274 pages, $17.95.*

IMAGINE SHADOWS OF MILitary repression, the solitude of a nation closed to the foreign press, the harsh political realism of exiled expression, and the labyrinthical subconsciousness of families woven in incestuous histories.

These may sound like relics from the annals of Latin American *fantastica* literature: Gabriel Garcia Marquez's *100 Years of Solitude*, Jorge Luis Borges' *Labyrinths*, Octavio Paz's *Labyrinths of Solitude* and Argentine writer Marta Traba's *Mothers and Shadows*. But here lie the base elements of a tradition of titles whose names lay claim to the political surreality they express. And here lie the base elements of Chilean Isabel Allende's latest novel.

In her enticing, if unoriginal, *Of Love and Shadows*, Allende combines the solitude and shadowy accounts of military repression her Latin American forebears have been claiming as genre for close to 25 years. Like the works of Garcia Marquez and the newly-recognized Traba, *Of Love and Shadows* emerges from the vacuum of military dictatorship and depicts, in sometimes vague terms, the atrocities of a dying military regime.

The niece of Chile's assassinated socialist president Salvador Allende, Isabel Allende paints a semi-autobiographical portrait of life and exile in an unnamed time and place—presumably General Augusto Pinochet's Chile.

The main character is Irene Beltran, a gypsy-dressed journalist not unlike Allende herself, the lifelong love and fiancee of a young army captain. The narrative follows Irene from political awakening to exile. From the naivete of her isolated and bourgeois upbringing, Irene is shocked to discover that sinister, military-invoked "disappearances" and deaths characterize the claustrophobic political climate of her "god-fearing" nation.

When Irene and her protege/revolutionary/lover-to-be Francisco Leal happen upon Evangelina Ranquileo, the crazed (or epileptic) daughter of a peasant family, they find themselves tangled in an epic quest set in sanguine jail cells and dumping grounds for the tortured and the dispossessed.

This love story/adventure reads at times like a Nancy Drew mystery. The enamored couple agrees to help the Ranquileos track down their now missing Evangelina, who was "disappeared" by a lieutenant whom the girl had publicly embarrassed. During the course of their search they stumble upon a mine filled with discarded corpses. They then try to implicate the government in a series of "disappearances" and deaths, and finally try to flee the country after heavy-duty makeup jobs and an attempt on Irene's life.

Perhaps Allende's most distinctive device is her use of detailed character sketches to depict the complexities of political struggle in



Chile. Every person—whether a hairdresser, an incidental sergeant or the aged admirer of a central character—is dissected from their childhood phobias to their parental misgivings. And most turn out to be incongruously related—either through family, small towns or the underground political resistance.

It's the size of this anonymous world that makes *Of Love and Shadows* so precariously representative of Chilean society. Allende factors in a personification of almost every element of the culture: the army, the bourgeoisie, the middle class resistance and the peasantry. She then leaves each at the mercy—and ultimately as a victim—of the dictatorship. Made up of brothers of revolutionaries and fiances of disillusioned journalists, the military finally seems like one player in an incestuous and irrational civil war. It is less the nemesis of the people than it is a symptom of its own closed society at war with itself.

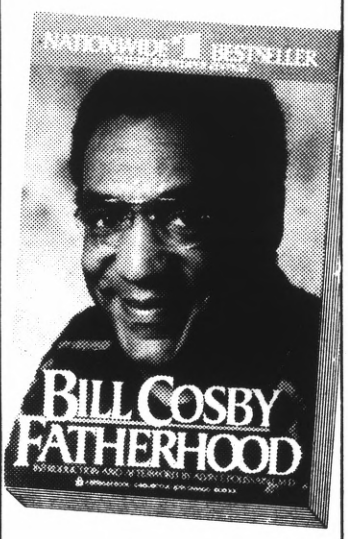
THE RANQUILEOS, ESpecially, weave into their family the tattered element of an incestuous history. The Ranquileos' son Pradelio is a soldier and ignorant believer in the government's religion of militarism (anti-communism). Meanwhile, the curious condition of Evangelina Ranquileo—thought to be a blessing, a bedeviling or an illness fated to the dilution of Western medicine—brings to light a crossing of Chile's Catholic, *curandera* (witchcraft), and bourgeois cultures.

Evangelina, meanwhile, is the subject of a now-mythologized tale of baby-switching and family-intertwining. As is common knowledge throughout the Ranquileos' community, an "other Evangelina" is the true Ranquileo, as evidenced by the looks and temperament of nearby Evangelina "Flores." (The mothers knew there was a mistake made when both babies were born, but never switched them back because they did not want to break the law—or undermine their hospital's reputation).

Of Love and Shadows is almost everything an account of a claustrophobic military dictatorship should be. Yet Allende's shadows of repression are sometimes clumsy and overbearing. Alluding to traces of torture and abduction, Allende assumes untenable ignorance on the part of both her readers and her subjects. Irene's discovery of the remains at the *Los Riscos* mine precedes social upheaval in Allende's imaginary world. But in Chile, real instances, like the public burning of Chilean-born photographer Rodrigo Rojas de Negri last year, pass with few signs of imminent change. Chilean torture and "disappearances" are old news to the rest of the world, but who knows what newspapers reach Chile?

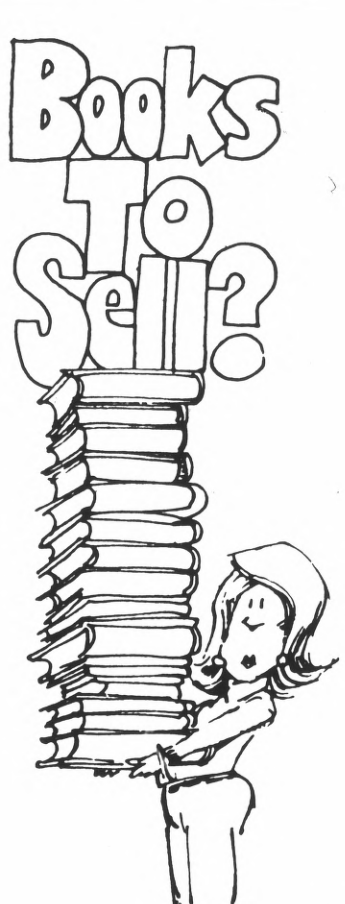
Of Love and Shadows is a story of continuum. When Irene and Francisco bid his Spanish-exiled parents goodbye, they walk into exile with a generation of Spaniards and a continent of displaced South Americans. And when Allende published this book, she joined the ranks of dozens of writers who have portrayed skewed political "realities" in order to create apertures into isolated, military societies.

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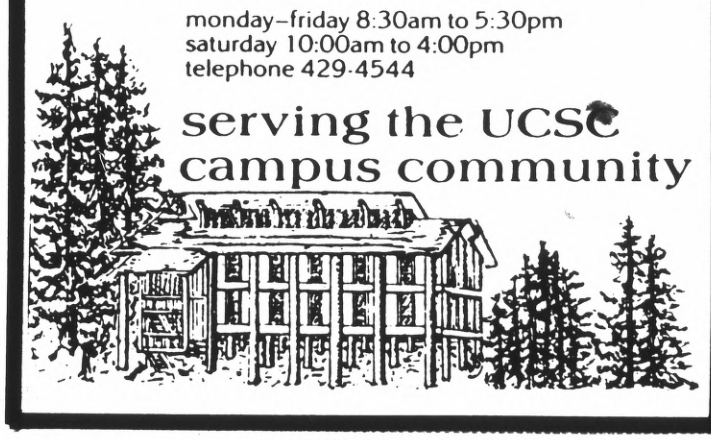
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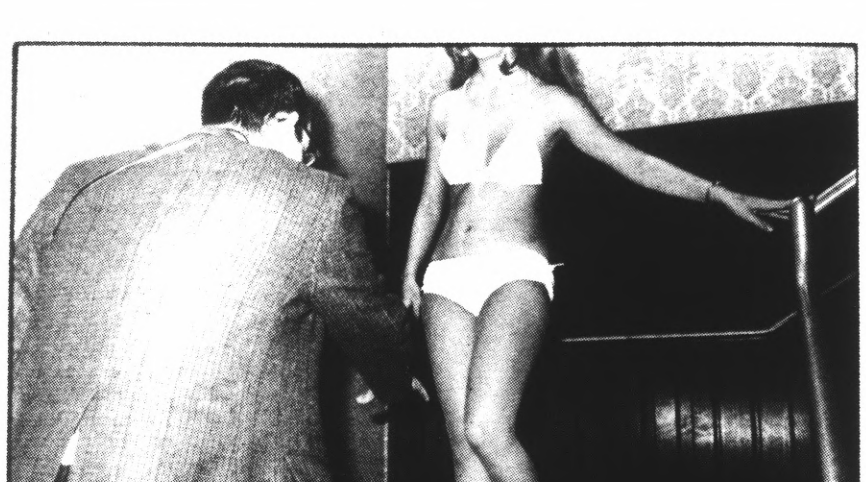
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Tales From the Skin Trade

by Rose Dean

Sex Work: Writings By Women In the Sex Industry, *edited by Frederique Delacoste and Priscilla Alexander, Cleis Press, 349 pages, $10.95.*

EVER HEARD OF A "FEMINIST porno star"? Or how about a "short, chubby dyke *stripper*"? Or perhaps a rambunctious writer/prostitute named "Scarlot the Harlot"? They're working women, and they testify to their experiences in *Sex Work: Writings By Women in the Sex Industry*, a bold new book edited by prostitute activists Frederique Delacoste and Priscilla Alexander.

Composed of an amazing array of first-hand accounts, prose, poetry and two exhaustive sections on issues of prostitution and prostitutes' rights groups, *Sex Work* lets prostitutes, porn actresses, and strippers tell their own stories. The preconceived notions of prostitutes as victims and victimizers are examined, ruthlessly exposed, and in some cases, debunked altogether by the sex workers themselves.

Straight from the hip and always fascinating, these women prove they—not psychologists, law enforcement officials, or feminist moralists—are the "experts" on the billion dollar American sex industry.

Peggy Morgan, in her piece entitled "Living on the Edge," admits she first started stripping because of a large debt she accrued in her senior year at college. Yet five and a half years later, the self-described "chubby dyke" still strips—and views her job almost holistically. She explains how stripping helped her accept her body, and how strippers "don't have 'private parts' dismembered from the rest; they are parts of the whole." Perhaps more intriguing is Morgan's disdain for intellectual rationales or polemics on why women sell their bodies. Her reason is simple:

The bottom line in this business is money. The fact is, there's a livable wage to be made in the sex business, and we decide when, where and with whom we'll do what. Money talks, bullshit walks, and we don't have to put up with anything we don't want.

Not every woman works because she wants to, however. "When Colleen Needed A Job" is a particularly disturbing confessional written by Tracy Lea Landis, whose bitter and fast-moving approach makes the piece read almost like a fictional short story. Yet the surreal approach only augments the tragic outcome, and Colleen is revealed as a woman utterly dissipated by her experiences. Equally depressing is "Out in The Cold," by street prostitute Jean Johnston. Her brief yet harrowing account of working one winter night can't deny the hopeless existence for many prostitutes—street prostitutes in particular. "I ride the F train for two stops, reaching the street as dawn is breaking," concludes Johnston. "I meet my man—the only man I really have—he's selling little cellophane bags of white powder fastened with red tape."

WHAT'S DIFFERENT about many of the women in *Sex Work* is that they consider themselves feminists, even though the feminist movement has by and large ignored them—or tried to save them from themselves. There are quite a few lesbians, Marxists, and college graduates (women's studies majors even!) who are positive about their work in the sex industry. Others acknowledge that as women, they inevitably deal with sexual harrassment, so they might as well get paid for getting their asses patted. One woman, Aline, likens aspects of prostitution to being "a counselor, a psychologist, a good listener. Like doctors or nurses, we try to be sensitive to men who come to us, and also remain emotionally detached."

Beyond opening the eyes of the average reader, these women are often very funny. Judy Edelstein, author of "In The Massage Parlor," admits she felt trepidation about jacking men off—until her friend Kate told her it was "just like pulling a toe." Peggy Morgan says men need to believe that they are the "rulers of the universe." But the undisputed comic is Carol Leigh, whose ten-part series on "The Continuing Saga of Scarlot Harlot" almost steals the show. Leigh's wit is irrepressible, her attitude irreverent, and she lampoons anything that crosses her path. Scarlot rids herself of the stereotype of the "Sorry Slut," singing songs to herself such as, "My life was so boring, Til I started whoring. . . ." Scarlot lounges on her queen-size bed, writes on her typewriter when she feels like it, and generally says whatever she wants. "What about Porsche-titution?" she asks. Of course she has the answer. "That's selling one's talents for a Porsche."

Further exploration into the business is provided in a section entitled "Connections," written by various women involved with prostitution. Priscilla Alexander, co-director of the prostitute advocacy group COYOTE, thoroughly examines the contradictions of feminists towards prostitutes, and shows how prostitutes are the scapegoats for the AIDS epidemic. Joan Nestle's article on the historical sisterhood of lesbians and prostitutes, however, is an unfortunately rambling treatise which only serves to confuse the reader. Parts are provocative, yet she jumps from bits on Greek history to the twentieth century in a rather disjointed fashion, and loses clarity in the process.

Sex Work makes no excuses for prostitution—with good reason. These women want respect, because they're not going away. Brave, defiant, they redefine their roles as "whores" and emerge as what they really are—working women.

Fierce Blood

by Paul Skenazy

American Blood, *by John Nichols, Henry Holt, 338 pages, $17.95.*

JOHN NICHOLS HAS MADE his name as a writer through the comic, if often also melancholic, series of books he's written about life in New Mexico, most notably *The Milagro Beanfield War*. That novel, soon to appear as a film directed by Robert Redford, stands as a rousing reminder of how funny good politics can be. Nichols' story of the struggles between New Mexican farmers and the power companies over land rights blends satire and a savvy sentimental populism to undermine government pretentions and reveal the truth about ethnocentric idealism.

Lately, Nichols' work has taken two complementary turns. His distaste for our contemporary American culture has made his satire more savage (as in his last novel, *The Nirvana Blues*), while he has grown elegiac in a series of nonfiction books which rhapsodize the New Mexican landscape and those who've earned their rights there over time working the soil (*If Mountains Die, The Last Beautiful Days of Autumn* and *On the Mesa*).

But nothing Nichols has written before prepared me for the fierce, compelling vision of American life in the 1970s one finds in *American Blood*. The story of a shell-shocked Vietnam veteran's gradual and begrudging return to himself, the book immediately declares its intention to shock and demean in order to make you relive our culture's technicolor portraits of disaster in all their degrading senselessness.

The book begins with one scene of military indecency after another. American soldiers gun down a Vietnamese boy standing in a doorway and then watch as a pig feasts on his remains. A Vietnamese man and woman are found hanging from a tree, mutilated by explosives, crowbars, hatchets and knives. An old man squatting in the road to relieve himself is shot. A woman is raped and thrown from a helicopter.

There is nothing but pain to these opening pages as the narrator, Michael Smith, describes what he calls the "killing trance" the American soldiers lived within. And after he flies home, psychically numb but alive, Smith relives his war days in dreams of walking a dusty field with a wheelbarrow gathering severed pieces of bodies that he can never quite recombine into human form. He retreats briefly into the somnambulism offered by his family, college courses and drugs, but he realizes he is a haunted, disabled creature, unequipped for middle-class life. Other veterans call him in the night: a nurse, for example, who adopts a baby in the hope that the child might counterbalance her madness, only to discover she has cancer. Eventually, Smith takes off for New Mexico, attracted by the promises of Love Generation freedom offered by Tom Carp, the most ruthless and violent of Smith's Vietnam troop.

> Nichols wants us to...witness war from the outside, our eyes soldered open so we cannot flinch.

Like Oliver Stone and other filmmakers and novelists of Vietnam, Nichols wants us to witness that war from the inside, our eyes soldered open so we are unable to flinch from the stupefying horror. But for Nichols, Vietnam is just one moment in the history of American genocide. He brings the war home, in the form of Michael Smith's sadistic, unappeasable psyche. Incapable of relations with anyone, Smith sustains himself through crude, repellent daydreams of rape, violence, and terrorizing, all of which he describes in ugly detail. And when a tough waitress, Janine Tarr, finally befriends Smith and offers him a moment of friendship, we watch him assault her.

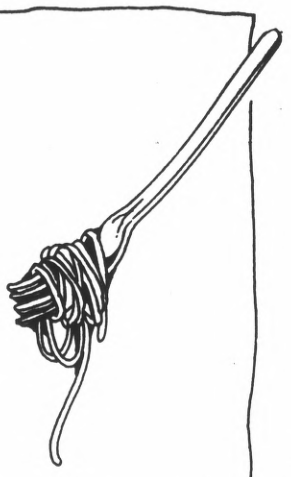
BUT NICHOLS WANTS TO DO more than just make us experience the inhumanity of a man who turns his self-hatred back on those less powerful than himself. Without urging any sentimental compassion for Smith, he makes us recognize how Smith is both victim and victimizer, someone who deserves our condemnation while mirroring our culture. Nichols shows how Michael's perverse passion for violence only recapitulates the litany of mutilation and murder we absorb daily in our newspapers as we sip our morning coffee. Dramatic scenes include snippets of news items all of us can recall: madmen randomly killing passers-by, husbands murdering their families, teenagers dying in car accidents and suicides burning themselves alive. "All this shit, everybody walks around as if it's normal....These things happen....God in his infinite wisdom decrees...."

The story of how Janine and Michael come slowly to rescue themselves and each other is a harsh, bittersweet tale of love cast against this bleak, uncivilized, all-too-familiar backdrop. It involves more violence still: in the way the two of them relate even in their pleasure, in Janine's daughter Cathie's shooting of Michael and her own brutal experiences, in Carp's inexplicable if curiously just fate. As Janine says to Michael late in the book: "How do people even *breathe*...with all that damage clogging their memories? All of it, obviously, is too much for anybody normal to bear."

Nichols is not interested in suggesting a solution or even an explanation for the state of our state, so much as he is concerned to have us endure it all—all the "American Blood" that stains and discolors the mind and soul. He's never been our most subtle of writers—he's too driven for that, too inclusive, too raucous and harsh in his rage. Moments of perfect pitch alternate with awkward phrases, the frank language sickens as it educates. But with all this comes a pledge of sympathetic allegiance to old virtues, withdrawn hopes and bruised principles that compels respect. This is a damaging book but not a mean one, a cruel story but one written to make us pause and recognize how desperate and inhumane our times really are. In the long run, *American Blood* may be less important as a novel than as a documentation of our national incivility, a testament of resistance in the form of a confession of complicity.

Paul Skenazy teaches literature and writing at UC Santa Cruz.

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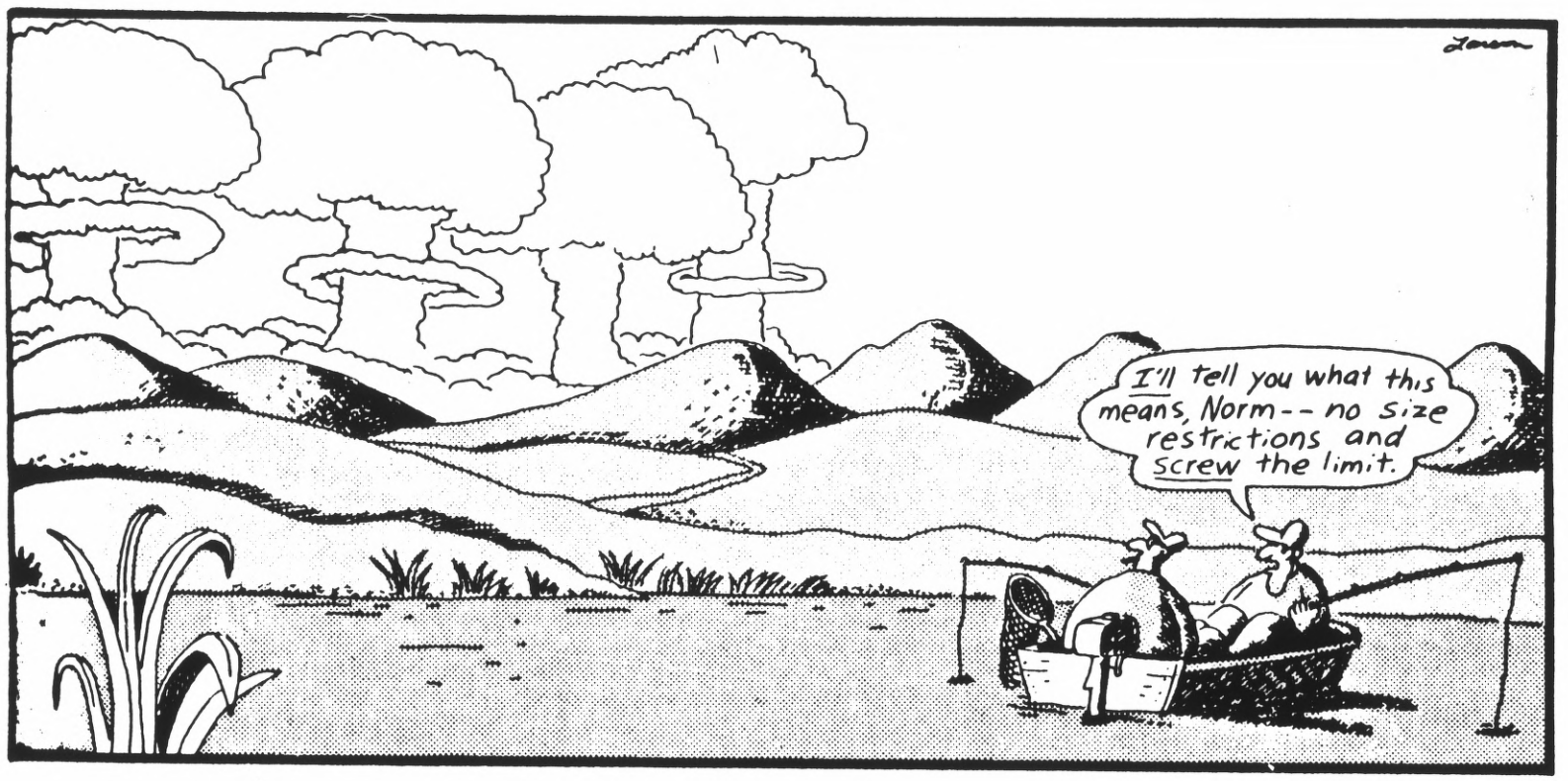
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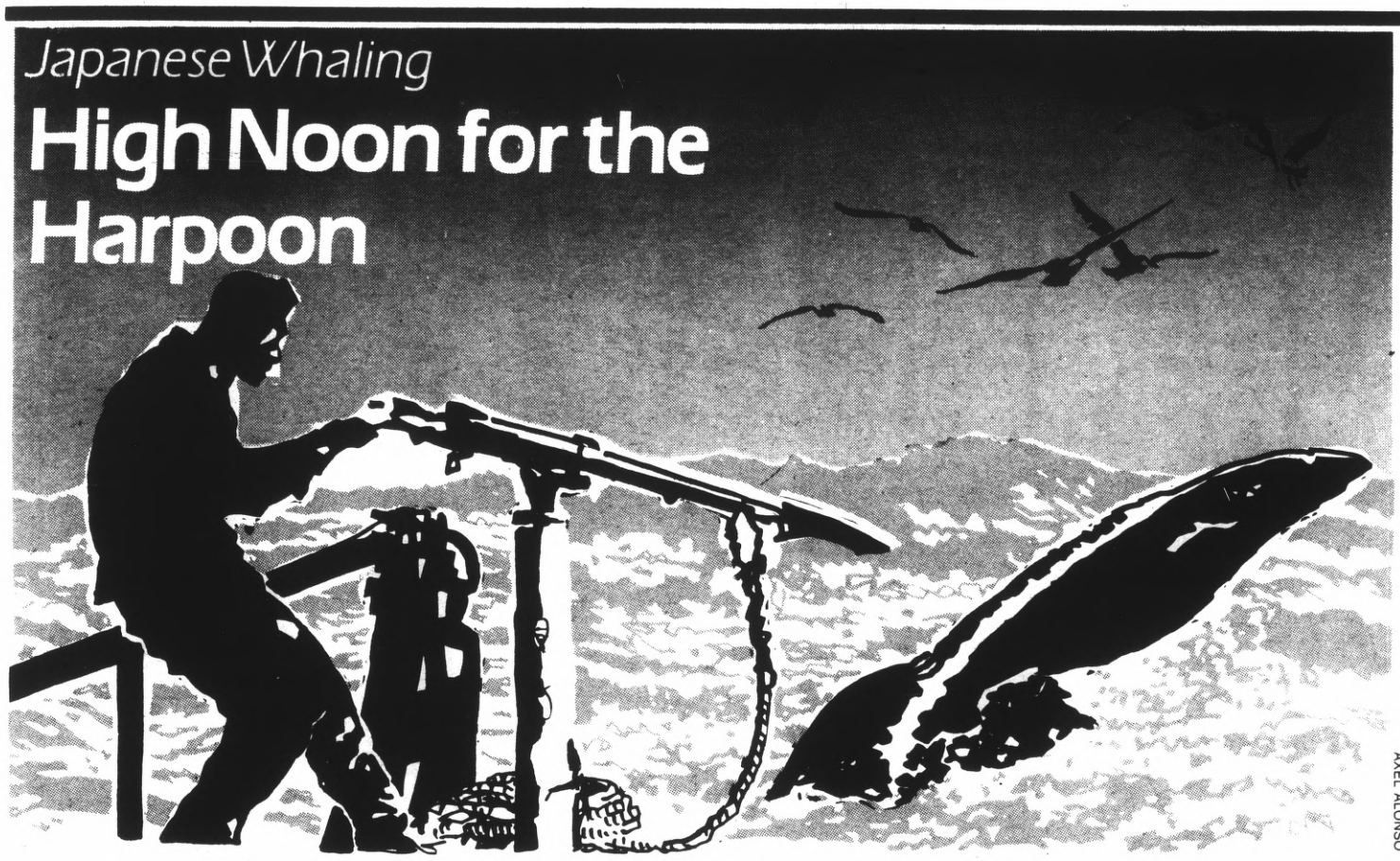
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Japanese Whaling

High Noon for the Harpoon



AXEL ALONSO

by Kevin Dulyea

LESS THAN TWO months ago, a Japanese whaling ship harpooned the 1941st Minke whale—satisfying quota limits for the 1987 commercial whaling season. By ending the '87 season, Japan, under past agreement with the US government and in compliance with the International Whaling Commission (IWC), began its moratorium on the commercial whaling industry. But on April 8, the same day the Antarctic whaling ships docked in port, the Japanese goverment announced that it was invoking its right (under commission rules) to send out the same ships next winter for what is called "scientific or research whaling."

"It is clear that Japan never had any intention of honoring its agreements with the US," says Dean Wilksonson, a spokesperson for Greenpeace in Washington. Japan's announcement, also issued in the past by Iceland, Norway and South Korea, has been denounced by environmentalists as a "fraud," enabling Japan to yet further dodge the IWC moratorium.

In 1982, the IWC called for a five-year moratorium on all commercial whaling starting by March of 1986, on grounds that current scientific data on whale populations was insufficient and based only on "educated guesses." Japan, however, sidestepped the ban by filing an objection with the IWC, and was confronted with a US threat to impose sanctions on Japan's fishing quota within a 200-mile zone of American waters.

But until recently, the US has been reluctant to put its weight behind the commission's rulings: Despite pressure from Congress, the Reagan administration never actually applied sanctions to Japan as specified by the Packwood-Magnuson Amendment. (A Supreme Court ruling last year on the amendment gave "deference to the executive branch's interpretation.") Instead, the US government, in 1982, not wanting to force an economic showdown with a key ally and trading partner, bargained that no sanctions would be applied as long as Japan ended its commercial whaling by 1987 and its coastal whaling by 1988.

> "It is commercial, modern whaling using iron boats and harpoons . . .and is not lending support to a traditional lifestyle..."
> —Mike Ezzicial of the Whale Center

However, just last year the Reagan administration, under continued pressure from Congress, exercised the option under US law to cut catches permitted to foreign fishermen in US waters to support conservation efforts. The preliminary sanctions are seen as a reminder to Japan to uphold its 1982 agreement. The Japanese fishing take affected by the reduction equaled about ten percent of its quota. For the Japanese fishing industry, which has major operations in the North Pacific, the cut meant losses of an estimated $45 to 50 million—an amount equal to Japan's entire whaling industry.

The International Whaling Commission—founded in 1946 and made up of 39 nations which regulate international whaling concerns—is scheduled to meet on the 22nd of this month in Bournemouth, United Kingdom. The focus of the meeting will primarily be Japan's proposal to conduct "scientific research" on whales. Japan has requested that 825 Minke and 50 Sperm whales be used for their study, representing about 40 percent of their 1987 quota. Another proposal on the agenda is whether aboriginal whaling rights should be granted to the Japanese starting in the 1988 season.

Greenpeace and other environmental groups claim that the type of whale research that the Japanese will conduct is unnecessary. Wilkonson comments, "There is at least 25 years of data already in existence about Antarctica . . .the methods proposed by the Japanese will not yield the answers that are being investigated."

The original reason for the moratorium was to revise data on whale research in order to more accurately "determine which stock [whale] is in further need of protection," says Bill Perrin, a member of the scientific committee reporting to the IWC.

Japan's killing of the 875 whales is necessary, according to Alan Macknow, spokesperson for the Japanese whaling industry, because observational techniques alone cannot disclose relevant data on life spans, male-female relations and pregnancy rates. But other "non-scientific" reasons may also be motivating factors. Japan intends to sell the whale meat for local consumption after research is conducted, to help budget research costs already supported by a $2.5 million government subsidy.

Under Japanese law such procedure is legally sanctioned, partly because whaling has been such an integral part of the Japanese culture. But just how integral is a question which will be discussed further at the IWC meeting, when Japan will propose to use its coastal waters for "aboriginal whaling"—a right that allows Eskimos of Antarctica and Greenlanders to continue whaling despite the moratorium.

Defending Japan's right to aboriginal whaling, Macknow claims that "whaling has been a tradition for over 2000 years, it's a vital part of the economy and culture of Japan . . .whale meat is used in religious and wedding ceremonies . . ."

Despite these qualifications in support of aboriginal whaling, Mike Ezzecial, of the Whale Center in Berkeley says, "We feel the coastal [aboriginal] Japanese whaling is incredibly different from the Eskimo's whaling. It is commercial, modern whaling using iron boats and harpoons . . .and is not lending support to a traditional lifestyle . . ."

In response, Macknow makes clear that aboriginal whaling is not simply a continuation of coastal whaling under a different name since only small, seven to eight person boats are used within narrowly restricted waters. He further maintains that such whaling operations will not be used for commercial purposes. "The Japanese government," he says, "intends to put the big local whaling companies out of business."

The issues surrounding the debate between environmentalists and Japan's whaling industry are not clear-cut. A comprehensive assessment of Japan's research proposal will be analyzed by approximately 100 international scientists, forming the Scientific Committee. Results of the committee's evaluation of the proposal will be reported to the IWC.

Japan's research proposals, while systematically violating the spirit of the agreements made with the United States, may, however, be contributing valuable research information. Marine scientist Perrin says that Japan's research will be acceptable to the IWC if it "proves to be necessary and will provide useable results." He continues, "It remains to be seen whether the proposals meet the need of the comprehensive assessment."

As an international body, the IWC cannot enforce its recommendations, but will act to refine Japan's research proposal, which is legally permissible under the original moratorium regulations. In all likelihood, as Japan has already announced, it will be whaling again next year.



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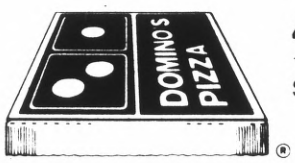
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Nuclear Weapons in the South Pacific

An Isle of Denial

by Monica Parise

PANDEMONIUM HAS struck an island in the South Pacific. On May 14, 1987, Lt. Col. Sitiveni Rabuka led an unprecedented military coup in Fiji in which soldiers stormed Parliament and kidnapped Prime Minister Timoci Bavadra and his Cabinet. But contrary to the portrait painted in the American press, the overthrow was fueled by more than ethnic tensions between native and Indian Fijians.

Under its previous government, Fiji was, according to the New York *Times*, "staunchly pro-Western." However, Bavadra's newly elected coalition has recently called for a non-aligned foreign policy and has endorsed a ban on port visits by nuclear-capable warships. And Fiji is only the latest in a long list of South Pacific countries attempting to cut their nuclear ties with the US government. But as the recent Fiji coup may suggest, it is a trend that the Reagan administration has become increasingly unwilling to permit.

To most Americans, it all began with "Kiwi fever," or the 1985 decision by New Zealand's labor government to ban the destroyer USS Buchanan from its ports for refusing to "confirm or deny" the presence of nuclear weapons on board. Such secrecy was common practice for fear that any restrictions on US policies might become an epidemic in the region and US freedom to operate around the world might be jeopardized.

"New Zealanders want no part of nuclear weapons. We do not ask the US to come to our assistance with nuclear weapons or to present American nuclear capability as a deterrent to an attacker," said Prime Minister David Lange in a 1985 speech in Los Angeles, California. "New Zealand has never been a part of a nuclear strategy and forms no part of the Western nuclear deterrent. Keeping the South Pacific free of strategic confrontation will greatly contribute to global peace and security."

The Reagan administration disagrees. "Unless we hold our allies' feet to the fire over ships' visits and nuclear deployment, one will run away and then the next," one senior administration official told the New York *Times*. To set an intimidating example, Reagan suspended the Australian/New Zealand/United States (ANZUS) Treaty—a conventional security alliance—and imposed economic sanctions on New Zealand products.

Although New Zealand's action made US headlines, such sentiment had been around a long time. As far back as 1975, delegates from 22 Pacific states met in Suva, Fiji to attend the Nuclear Free Pacific Conference to establish a "nuclear-free and independent Pacific."

The Conference helped lay the groundwork for the 1985 Treaty of Roratonga. Nuclear testing in French Polynesia sparked the Australian government's initiation of the treaty. Its signatories are members of the South Pacific Forum, which includes Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Papua New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, Vanuatu, Tonga, West Samoa, Kiribati, Tuvalu, Naura, the Cook Islands and Niue. The document prohibits the acquisition, testing and permanent basing of nuclear weapons and the disposal of radioactive wastes in the region's waters. It does not, however, restrict port calls or passage through the zone by nuclear-capable ships and airplanes.

Vanuatu, Papua New Guinea and the Solomon Islands have refused to sign the treaty because it does not go far enough. However, a number of peace organizations, particularly in New Zealand and Australia, argue that Roratonga is a solid basis for further action. The treaty's arms control and environmental objectives might inspire other regions to implement similar policies. Legitimate nuclear free zones already exist in Latin America, Antartica, the sea bed and outerspace.

The US, France and Britain have refused to sign the protocols of the agreement. China and the Soviet Union support it.

THE US CURRENTLY maintains more than 150,000 troops in the Pacific, dispersed among 517 bases. "There is only one nation on earth with the equipment and sophistication to mount a major invasion of the South Pacific: the USA," concluded the 1982 Katter Report commissioned by the Australian government.

In 1983, Admiral Robert Long, then-US Pacific Command Chief, told the Japanese press, "The Pacific, I believe, is most probably where we shall witness a confrontation with the Soviet Union." Causing a major upheaval in nuclear-sensitive Japan, the statement was not even reported in the American media.

According to UCSC Journalism Professor Conn Hallinan, the latest round of US weapons buildup in the Pacific is a vital part of the Reagan administration's nuclear policy because, as White House strategists admit, the Soviets are most vulnerable here. Despite administration rhetoric, most of the Soviet Pacific Fleet is based in easily blocked harbors, Soviet population in its far east provinces is low, and there are few rail links with the rest of the country. The Soviet Union has only eight bases in the Pacific, and all of them are on its own territory.

According to previous military strategy, the US would respond to a crisis by moving forces into what it considered "threatened" areas. But under former Secretary of the Navy John Lehman's plan—the "Forward Offensive Strategy" or "Horizontal Escalation"—the US would "go for the jugular." A first-strike strategy, it calls for a US attack where the Soviets are weak.

Because of this new policy, US reaction to the movement for a nuclear-free zone in the South Pacific has been increasingly harsh. Palau, the Micronesian protectorate of the US, remains, for the moment, nuclear-free. Despite unrelenting US pressure, the Palauan Supreme Court invalidated efforts to amend the world's only nuclear-free constitution to allow passage and stationing of US nuclear weapons.

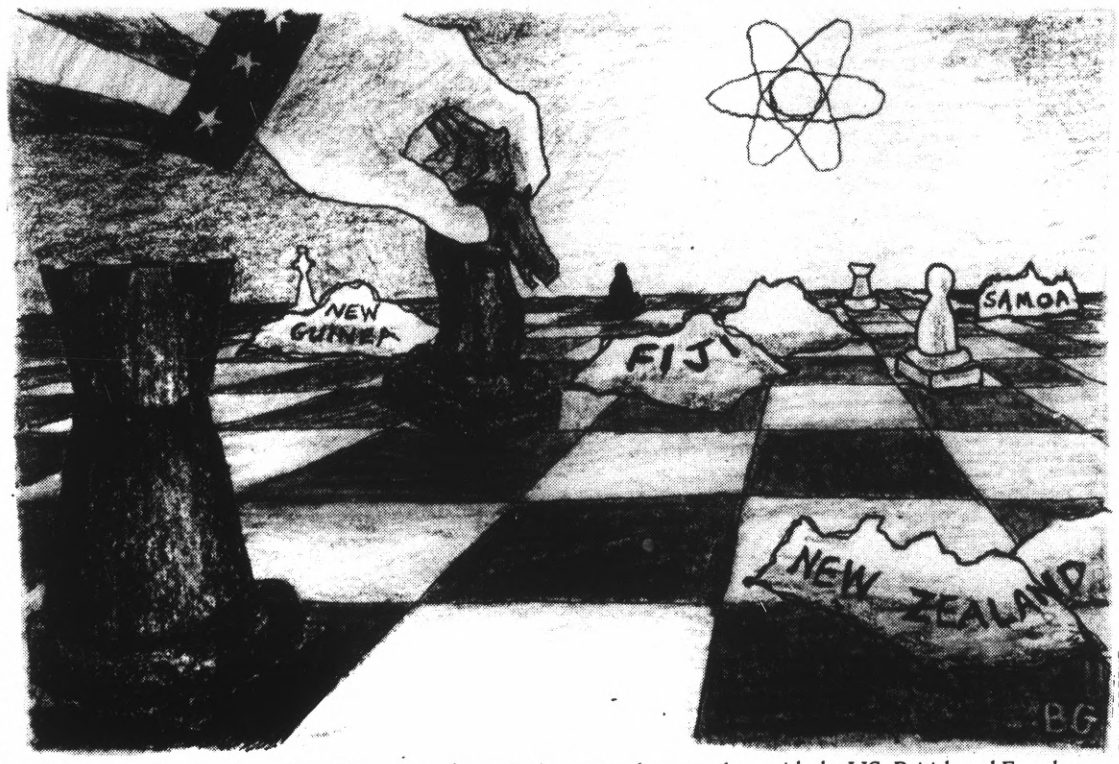
The US has conducted a relentless campaign, including six plebiscites, to persuade the Palauan people to overturn the nation's anti-nuclear stand. US attempts have been in vain, but the administration continues to deny the Palauans independence until the voters get the message, "Keep voting until you get it right."

Although US intervention in Fiji has not been as overt, the possibility of covert action cannot be ruled out. Fiji's previous government not only welcomed US nuclear-armed ships into its ports, but favored US options to station such vessels at South Pacific bases. To the Reagan administration's satisfaction, the Fijians preferred no zone at all in order not to limit US options.

But Fiji's stand on the issue changed radically with the April 11 election of Bavadra. A key election issue was, in fact, support by the new government of New Zealand's strong anti-nuclear line.

"Incidents of racial violence since the election were planned by the coup leaders as ploys to justify it," said Fiji consul Alias Hanif. A close friend of Rabuka, who led the coup, told the New York *Times*, "He was a level-headed army officer. It is difficult to believe that he would have launched the coup on his own." Since the military takeover, Rabuka has met with the US, British and French consuls but has excluded representatives of New Zealand and Australia.

Whether or not the Fiji coup was a ploy to mask Western intelligence operations remains to be seen. But it is worth taking a closer look at the politics of the South Seas, for a nuclear battleground has been designed for an eventual east-west confrontation. According to Lehman, "Unlike land warfare, should deterrence break down and conflict begin between the navies of the US and the Soviet Union, it will be instantaneously a global conflict."



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Writer Fae Myenne Ng

Up and Publishing

by Susanna Heckman

We're a family of three girls. By Chinese standards, that's not lucky. "Too bad," outsiders whisper, "nothing but daughters. A failed family." . . . Number Two, the in-between, jumped off the "M" floor three years ago. Not true! What happened? Why? Too sad! All we say about that is, "It was her choice."

FAE MYENNE NG HAS TO dig up her resume to tell you about all the jobs she's held and awards she's received, but her stories she knows by heart—every image, every word. For Ng, patient years of toiling at her stories is beginning to pay off: "A Red Sweater," quoted above, won the Pushcart Prize for Best of the Small Presses this year, and has been nominated for the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines' national award for young writers.

Another story, "Last Night," will be published in *City Lights Review* this summer, but Ng won't be in town; she's been invited to spend a year at Radcliffe College as a Bunting Fellow, which allows her an entire year to work on her first novel. In addition, she and her husband Mark Coovelis—also a writer—have both been invited to work at Yaddo, an artists' colony in New York State.

These opportunities seem like a writer's dream come true. But Ng hasn't had much time to dream between those first rejection letters and her recent taste of success: she has held a myriad of jobs, from teaching Cantonese at a Berlitz language school to editing at *Connoisseur* magazine. This year she taught composition and rhetoric at UC Berkeley; and currently, she's a Visiting Lecturer in Asian American Literature at UCSC.

The Radcliffe Fellowship will allow her something these jobs have not—time to develop the concentration to spin her yarns. "I always wanted to tell a good story," the native San Franciscan said. "I studied the Chinese classics and memorized them, and I knew a lot of wonderful old men who told good stories. I was given very good memories. Stories allow you to experience another way of seeing the world—that's the function of repeating stories."

For Ng, one of the most frustrating aspects of this simple passion—to tell a good story—is the tendencies of some readers to look for purely cultural, rather than human conflicts in her characters. "Other writers get introduced as so-and-so, the poet, or so-and-so, the mystery writer. Then they turn to me and say, 'Oh, she's the Chinatown writer,' " Ng said. She sees that kind of attitude as manipulative: "Why can't they just be good stories? I'm not given that same freedom—society doesn't give me the same freedom."

"Red Sweater" is not only about Chinese culture or the characters' conflict with their ethnic background. It's about two sisters who meet for dinner in a restaurant and face the choices each has made. One has stayed at home with her feuding parents, and the other—the narrator—works for an airline and is no longer welcome at home because of an out-of-wedlock pregnancy. The narrator confides: "The only chopsticks I own, I wear in my hair." But she and her sister are "full, living people," according to Ng. "They live in the modern world and do what we all do, and the crises they face are ones we're all faced with."



SELENA POLSTON

"I always wanted to tell a good story. Stories allow you to experience another way of seeing the world."

At the same time, Ng clearly has not rejected Chinese culture. The sisters' meeting is punctured by what she calls "wide, lyrical moments" when they remember their childhood in Chinatown. One scene describes buying young pigeons in the alley at dawn: *The crowd squeezed around the truck. Old ladies reached into the crates, squeezing and tugging for the plumpest pigeons.* At home, the sisters would return from school to find their pet "doves" cooked: *Mah let us fill our bowls high with little pigeon parts: legs, breasts, and wings, and take it out to the front room to watch I LOVE LUCY. We took brown bags for the bones. We balanced our bowls on our laps and laughed at Lucy. We leaned forward, our chopsticks crossed in mid-air and called out, "Mah! Come watch! Watch Lucy cry!"*

Part of the genius of Ng's work is the blending: the comical moments with the very painful life of immigrants and their children, Chinese symbols and language with Western sensibilities, the tense with the lyrical. For instance, the father in "Red Sweater" is called "the prince of the Golden Mountain [America] who turned into a toad." "You don't have to be Chinese *or* know Brothers Grimm for that one," Ng said "You just have to be an interested reader."

Ng tries to use symbols in such a way that Chinese readers can gain new perspective on them, yet non-Chinese readers don't "need a glossary on Chinese culture." She bluntly states what they mean, then adds a twist. The red sweater of her story's title is the Chinese color of good luck; but in the story it represents what the airline sister wants to give the stay-at-home sister. "It's like a moment of intense pain or anguish," Ng said. "Even if she just wears it once, she may at least desire to live her life. You can have desire but if you let fear in, you reduce it. And that's frightening."

Language is a little more difficult to blend; try writing an argument in Chinese that readers must "hear" in English. "As a writer you have to work hard," Ng said. "It's important to offer a whole burst of sound when you're exploding into another culture. Just because it works in Chinese doesn't mean it will work in English, and just because it works in English doesn't mean it will work in the story."

NG RECEIVED SEVERAL scholarships and awards as an undergraduate at UC Berkeley and during her graduate days at Columbia University. But from 1982 on, her resume looks like a professional

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finalist's list; last year especially was one she calls her "Year of the Bridesmaid." She's even been first runner-up for the D.H. Lawrence Fellowship at the University of New Mexico twice in a row. Her favorite runner-up example is the piece she entered in *Mademoiselle*'s short story contest: she made it to the top four, even though she'd left out page seven. "I think I'm doing well this year because I'm adding all the pages," she said.

Considering the perseverance that marked her "bridesmaid" years, Ng's advice to writers who are just starting out isn't surprising: keep writing. But does it get any easier?

"Each story is so different, a whole new thing," she said. The only things one can do is keep "mucking through it" because it's "always chaotic. I started with the ending in 'The First Dead Man,' published in the *Crescent Review*, and then went back and wrote the rest."

Ng's writing is not autobiographical, "but it's real," she said. She draws from experiences and imagination. One of her most moving experiences—which she has yet to write about—is her trip to China in 1985, when she was hired by a travel agency to lecture American tour groups sailing up and down the Yangtze River.

"I was one of the only Chinese Sinologists the [Chinese] crew had ever seen," she said. They were fascinated by her strong gestures, by her eye contact, the way she spoke. "I felt very welcomed. It was a beautiful way to see China, to meet China."

When she came into Hong Kong, the customs official asked her—as if she were a citizen—where she was returning from. Ng remembered, "In my best Cantonese, I answered—from the Golden Mountain."

Another important "real-life" experience for Ng has been her marriage of three years to Mark Coovelis, who teaches Creative Writing at San Francisco State University. They enter many of the same competitions—he recently won the Phelan award from the San Francisco Foundation. "We're always in there together. We live a very complete life—it's like double time—intense," Ng said. "We're always in production at our house, collating, running to the post office," Ng said. "I respect and admire his work deeply."

Ng admits no writing quirks, but does "pace for a couple of days after I get an idea. I was rewriting and polishing 'Red Sweater' for five years. I like to write late. I like the quiet of the night."

And what is to come of all this hard work—this pacing, polishing, collating and running to the post office? Fame? Fortune? Prestigious teaching positions? In the end, she insists, "I want to write, I want to write well, I want to tell a good story." In the end, success comes if "the focus is the art. Any sociological 'message' is the result of good writing—it means you've done your work."

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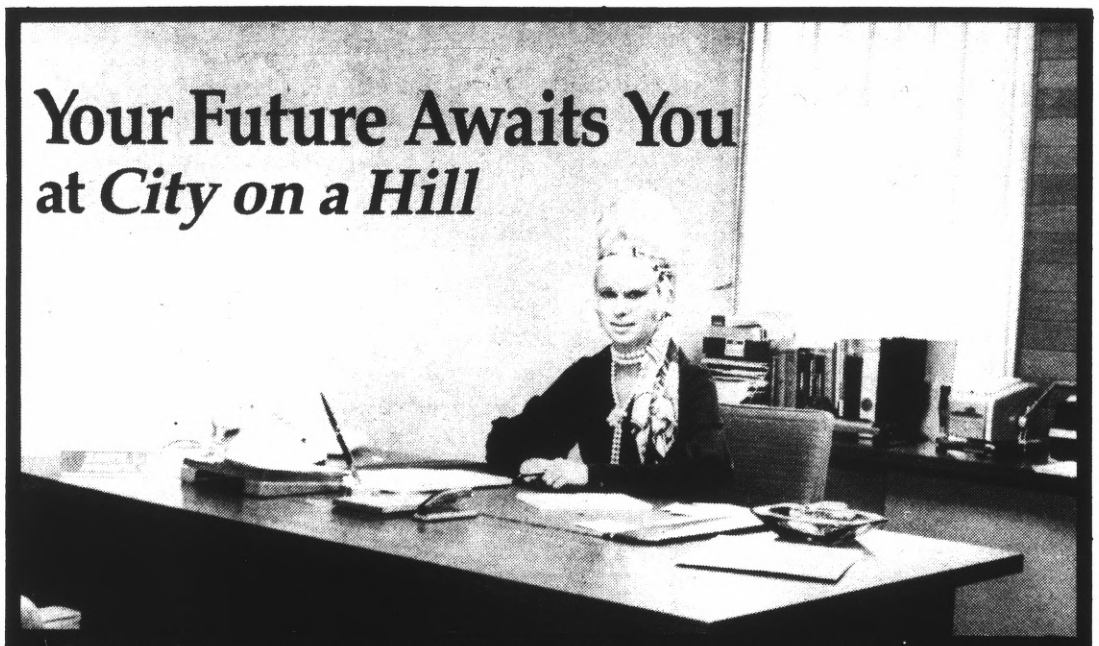
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WOMEN'S*clips*



SELENA POLSTON

"Now that I'm not women's editor anymore, I hope I can keep up my reputation as an uptight feminist."

—Rose "castrating bitch" Dean

Midwife Crisis

Registered nurses who are also midwives have been barred from attending home births in a recently-upheld ruling of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. Ironically, this law means that anyone can assist with a home birth—except those nurses specifically trained as midwives, according to the New York *Times*.

Although the rule may be irrational, it is a "reasonable" safeguard for mothers and infants, the Massachusetts court claims. The law purportedly protects the rights of nurses and pregnant women.

Nurse midwives must now choose between the two professions. "It is unfair to make us choose, and some will suffer economically since nursing pays more," said Peggy Spindel of the Massachusetts Midwives Alliance.

Lawyers for the registered nurses/midwives argued that there are ulterior motives for upholding the ban: they claim the prohibition of licensed midwives stems from doctors' determination to corner the market on childbirth. Many physicians oppose midwifery "on economic grounds, and have since the turn of the century when physicians were trying to gain legitimacy and midwives were one of their main competitors," argued George Annas, professor of health law at Boston University. "The law is hysterically stupid and limits the choices for women who want home births."

Better Living Through Prostaglandin

Scientists have developed a new treatment which could end painful and sometimes deadly ectopic pregnancies without surgery. The disorder—in which the fertilized egg develops outside the uterus—has been successfully treated in nine women using direct injection of a hormone-like substance called prostaglandin F, according to the research of several Swedish doctors.

Usually when ectopic pregnancy occurs, the egg implants itself in the Fallopian tube rather than in the uterus. If the developing embryo is not removed, it can rupture the tube, causing infertility and often death.

Standard medical practice is to remove the tube, but this procedure is itself hazardous to the woman's reproductive system. In the new procedure, a small amount of prostaglandin F is injected near the implanted embryo: the substance induces uterine contractions and consequent expulsion of the harmful embryo.

Oppression is Oppression

A recent study shows that Black women do have easier access to higher education than they did twenty years ago, but those who seek professional positions are subject to subtle racism.

Elizabeth Higginbotham, a sociologist at Memphis State University, researched 15 US metropolitan areas with large Black populations, and found the majority of Black professional and managerial women work in the public sector, while white women with the same skills land higher paying, private sector careers. Much of her findings came from an examination of the US Census between 1870 and 1980.

Higginbotham told *Cox News Service*, "Often, people assume that if you get an education, everything gets better and there really isn't any more racism." Yet her examination reveals Black women dominate public sector jobs because the private sector is filled with a white majority. "This is a different form of racial oppression," she said. "But it's still racial oppression."



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1 June 1987

Dear Mom + Dad

My first year at UCSC has been great! I feel so lucky to have the opportunity to attend school in such a beautiful part of the world.

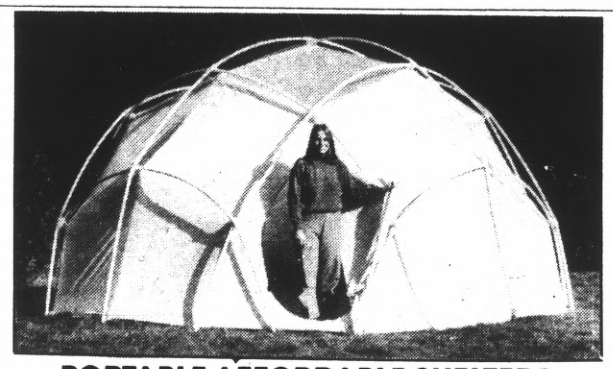
My only complaint is that area rents are MUCH too high, and perpetually increasing! -- hey, my landlord raised my rent three times this year! If only I could be on the receiving end of the deal, like my friend Susie....

On the advice of a smart local real estate broker, Susie's parents put the severe Santa Cruz housing crunch to work FOR THEM by purchasing a house for investment. The rent it generates easily pays the mortgage, and Susie manages the house with an iron fist! Not only did this guarantee continued, fixed, modest cost housing for Susie, it also proved to be a marvelous investment. (Santa Cruz residential real estate has appreciated about 20% in just this past year!)

Santa Cruz is really a happening place, + people who are buying property here are really cleaning up! Wouldn't it be a smart move for us to buy a house?

Love, Selena XOXO

P.S. You might want to call that real estate broker. His name is Michael Zwerling, he's a native Santa Cruzan and a UCSC graduate. You can reach him at (408) 429-1777. He really knows the market but is not at all pushy or abrasive.

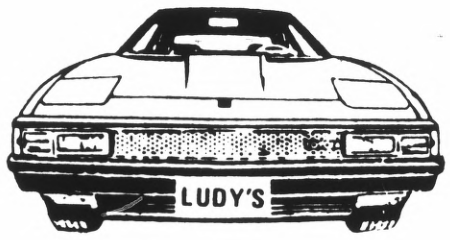


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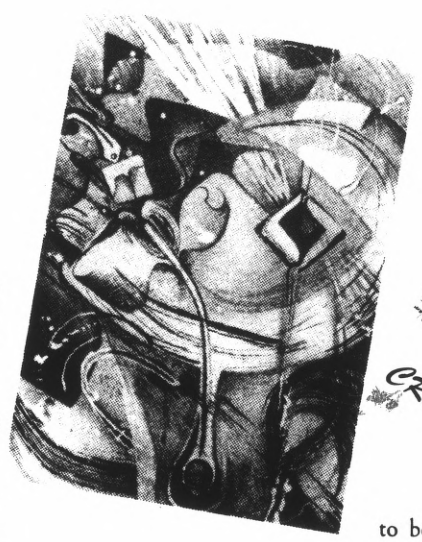
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Campus Literary Magazines

Amateur Prose







by Brent Beasley

WHEN WRITING LECturer/professor Tim Fitzmaurice scheduled a meeting four years ago to decide on a title for Kresge's newly-formed literary magazine, no one showed up. He had wanted to propose the name of *Zygodactyl* for the publication: since nobody showed up to argue, the title stuck.

In essence, this absence of input from the community has characterized campus literary magazines from their beginnings. Editors for *Chinquapin*, *Diadem*, *Zygodactyl* and *Crosspoint* have all faced a lack of submissions and input at one time or another. "Getting funding is easier than getting people to write," says Eric Weissman, editor for *Chinquapin*, the campuswide publication, and *Diadem*, Crown's magazine. Nevertheless, the 1987 issues have already gone to press, and copies will be available this week.

Fitzmaurice, who acts as advisor for the magazines, thinks that students' reluctance to submit pieces to the editors is the result of a deeply imbedded attitude towards literature in this country: an attitude that writing is a specialized field, and that there is only enough room for the cream of the crop—the writing elite. "Literature today is a pop-star system of the leisure class," says Fitzmaurice. "I hate that more than anything else—it silences people."

The major goal of UCSC's literary magazines, says Fitzmaurice, is to help students overcome the "pop-star" image associated with becoming a writer by making the opportunity to write for an audience available to everyone. "Essentially, we are trying to remove people's sense of powerlessness in writing," says Fitzmaurice. "No one's first story or poem is going to be their best. We want to give everyone a chance at seeing their name in print."

Still, students' attitudes and fears about writing for publication prevail, even though some of the campus magazines hold an editorial policy that everyone who submits will get something in the issue. According to Weissman, getting the word out to students that they can be published is a very difficult task. "I have to force people to their typewriters. I guess it's just lethargy," he says.

Fitzmaurice concurs: "Students' lethargy is another aspect of the elitist nature of professional literature today. People should have the right to be silent, but they shouldn't be forced to it. We want to give people the choice—I don't think they have that right now, and that's what these magazines are all about."

Ideally, Fitzmaurice would like to see a magazine put out by every college or community on campus. "Anyone can start a magazine," he says, "it's no problem. People don't realize that all you need is the money, and colleges are usually willing to put it up for published journals."

> "Literature today is the pop-star system of the leisure class," —Tim Fitzmaurice

Fitzmaurice stresses that when specific platforms are created for writers from different backgrounds, people are less reluctant to share their work. For example, the Vietnamese community at UCSC publishes *Crosspoint*, which provides an arena for Vietnamese students that was previously unavailable. Apparently, it was much needed, for the editors were literally swamped with submissions.

But *Crosspoint* is the exception: the other magazines still have to solicit writers in order to fill their pages by the end of the year. Creative Writing major Francesca Bray says, "I'm so busy with work and school that I can't find the time. I'm also scared of the rejection. I'd rather now know (if my work is good enough for the magazines)."

"*Chinquapin*'s the only one I've heard of—I think it's the great unknown for a lot of people," says Rob Allen, another Creative Writing major. "I don't think many people know how to make that first step; who do you contact, where do you call, all that." Responding to common complaints that the magazines don't advertise enough, editors agree: they don't—or rather, they can't. *Chinquapin*, *Zygodactyl*, *Diadem* and *Crosspoint* are funded by the University without any hopes for profit, and with the high cost of typesetting, printing and production, they have little or no money left over to advertise their shortage of writers.

ANOTHER UCSC WRITER, Vince Valore, is even more cynical about submitting material to literary magazines. "I think it's who you know," he insists, "and that goes for UCSC and the real world. If your name is known by the faculty, your stuff's gonna get read. That's just the way it is—that's reality."

Nevertheless, writing for the campus literary magazines is an entirely extracurricular activity, and has nothing to do with knowing the faculty, having an "in" or being a part of the "leisure class" that tends to produce the periodicals. In fact, organizers say they would welcome the opportunity to work with as many writers as possible, and they feel that students largely avoid using the publications as tools for growing in the field of self-expression. "Every person has a different poem," says Fitzmaurice, "and the small magazine is responsible—more than any other element in this culture—for creating alternatives to the mainstream elitism of literature. Everyone is invited, and no one should feel left out."

The So Long and Short of It

by J. Nolan Void

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENing. Despite my best efforts, despite my miasma of missed classes, non-passes and



strategically-applied lethargy, I'm about to be gowned, marched and sheepskinned along with hundreds of other shellshocked seniors. Having passed through the traditional stages of denial, anger and finally acceptance, I'm now resigned to my fate: after five years of matriculation, sheer academic osmosis has propelled me to the top of the Ivory Tower. There's nothing left to do but plummet headlong into reality.

Unfortunately, reality and Recreational Science don't mix; that's why I'm cashing in the column and calling it a career. Over the past two and a half years, "Void Where Prohibited" (AKA "Adventures in Science") has served as a pulpit, a soapbox, a stage, a dissecting table and above all a coping mechanism. Through it I've gained one of the most vented spleens in the business, a healthy imperviousness to deadlines and the uncanny ability to jump to conclusions in a single bound, and for all that I'm grateful. But before I write off into the sunset, it's time for a fit of frankness. Time to answer some persistent questions.

Just what is "Recreational Science," anyway?

It's a synthesis of two disciplines, really: the serious examination of frivolous things, and the frivolous examination of serious things.

Let me give you an example. The conventional scientist looks into smoking, determines that each cigarette cuts about five minutes off your lifespan, and concludes that this is Very Bad News Indeed.

The Recreational Scientist, on the other hand, says, "Sure, it shortens your life—but is that worse than something that wastes your life? The time you spend, say, waiting for a green light or listening for a dial tone may just as well have never existed. So why don't those things have Surgeon General's warnings?" The Recreational Scientist then lights up a Lucky Strike and applies unsuccessfully for tenure.

What does the "J" stand for?

The national anthem. The entrance of a judge into a courtroom. The elderly and handicapped on crowded buses. But that's about it.

No, what does the "J" really stand for?

Cynthia.

All right, what's your real name?

In which our correspondent says: "Hey! It's been surreal."

What you're really asking is: what's the name of the fellow who types these things up? It's a moot question, because if he had wanted to be me in the first place he would have been me—that is to say he would have been himself, if you get my meaning. But since he chose to be me instead of himself that means I'm not him, therefore I'm myself. . .

Let's put it this way: if you've got a heart, then J. Nolan's a part of you.

What are you going to do now?

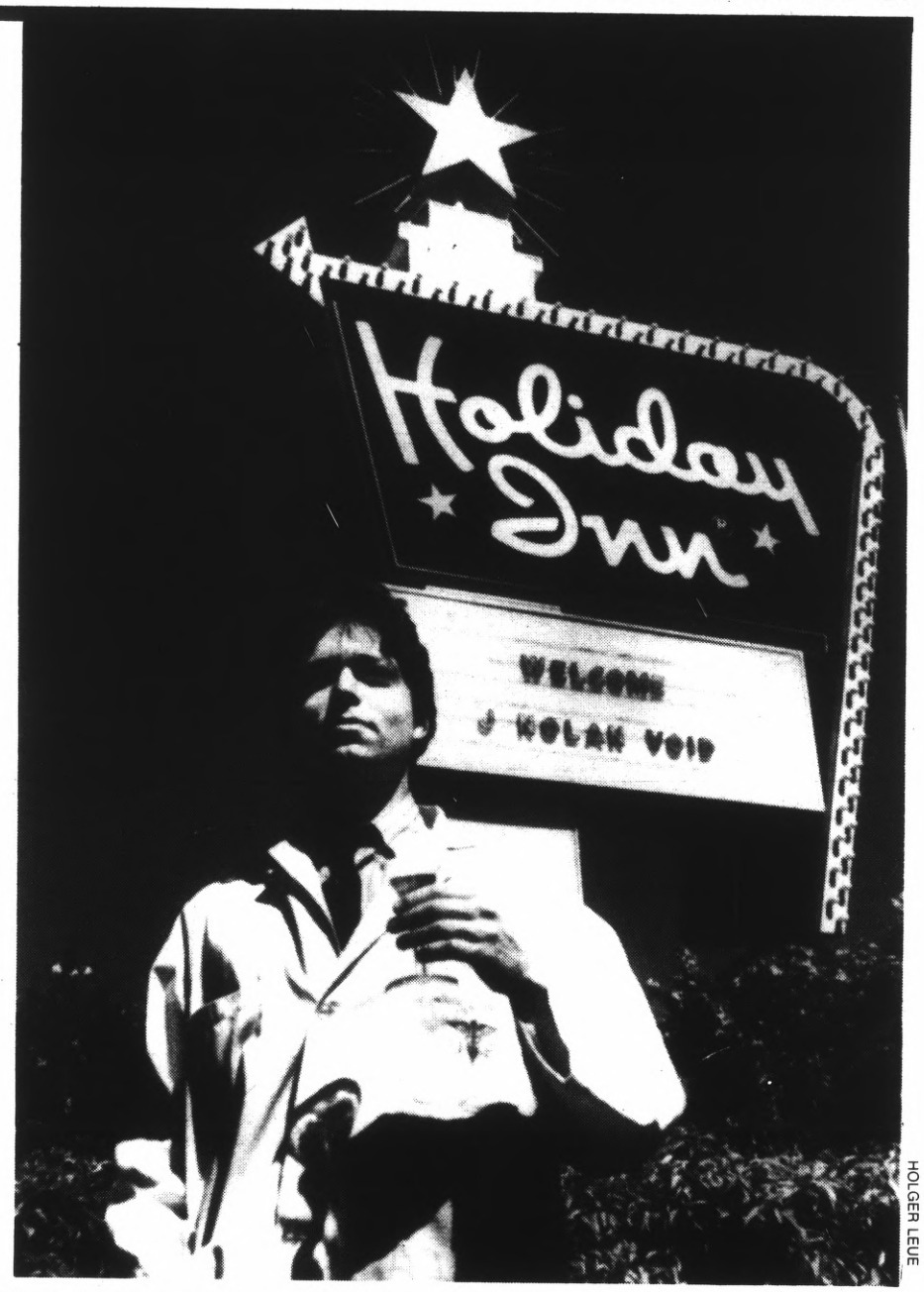
As a matter of fact, I'll be doing more or less the same thing you'll be doing. We're going to have a few bittersweet days saying goodbye to our college pals—some of whom will remain lifelong friends, others of whom will become little more than familiar names in the alumni newsletter. Despite the current strength of our affections and affiliations, we have no way of knowing who will end up which.

We'll find some means of supporting ourselves. Somewhere along the line, our jobs will congeal into careers. We'll find some place to live. And eventually, when people ask us "where we're from," we'll give the name of that place, not the place where we were raised.

We'll get older. Then we'll get used to getting older. Ourselves and our circumstances will begin to blur into one another, and gradually ambition will be supplanted by experience until we're mainly a bundle of memories. We're not going to end up exactly the sort of people you or I, circa 1987, would choose to be, but you know what? That's going to be okay. We'll like it that way.

So take care. Take it easy. Heck, take it to the limit, just don't take it hard. Savor the roses, the neuroses, the whole shebang. And smoke your cigarettes while waiting for the green light—that way they won't count.

J. Nolan Void was Recreational Science correspondent for City on a Hill.



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ANNOUNCEments

ON CAMPUS

YEAR-END LOCKER CLEAN-UP: All lockers at the East and West Fieldhouse facilities must be cleared out no later than June 12. Locks, clothing, Ghi's and equipment must be returned by all students, faculty, staff and alumni. Failure to do so will result in a $5 late fine and you will be billed for any lost items. Finals week hours: East Fieldhouse/Weight Room 10am-8pm; West Fieldhouse 12-6pm; Pool 8am-8pm, Marina 11am-5:30pm. Both Fieldhouses will be closed for inventory purposes June 13-21. The West Fieldhouse will remain closed until October 1.

REMOVAL OF GRADE I: June 12 is the last day for graduate students to submit validated petition ($10 fee) and course work for removal of incomplete from preceding quarter. Instructor's office.

COMMENCEMENTS: June 13 and 14. Specific date announced by each college and the Division of Graduate Studies and Research.

SPECIAL WALKS at Ano Nuevo State Reserve. June 6: Blooms and Blossoms, L. Price. June 7: Ohlone Life at Ano Nuevo, R. Smith. You must arrive at the Reserve no later than 12:15pm to sign in at the Visitor Center.

CREATIVE WRITING portfolio submissions are due by June 5 for possible admission into the Creative Writing/Literature Major. Please turn them in to either Page Stegner's or George Hitchcock's mailbox at the Porter Steno Pool with a letter detailing your writing interests and experience.

INTERVIEWS are being held weekly for full and part-time positions with California Homemakers Association here in Santa Cruz, and 41 other organizations across the US. If you want to join the fastest growing labor movement since the 30s, or just help poor people get food, jobs, medical care and legal assistance, contact Carlotta Woolcock at 688-9017 to arrange an interview.

UCSC SUMMER LANGUAGE INSTITUTE allows students—from high-school age to senior citizens—to complete a year's work in foreign language study in little more than two months. For more information, or to receive a catalog of courses, events and fees, write or call the UCSC Summer Session Office, 107 Classroom Building, UC Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz, CA 95064; (408) 429-2525.

SDI: The Stevenson Nuclear Policy Program has an informative slide show/lecture available, constructed and led by Professor Ron Ruby. To schedule a showing for your group, call the SNPP at 429-2833.

LESBIAN, BISEXUAL AND QUESTIONING women. Come on out and join the gang Wednesdays, 7pm at Kresge 356. Info: 425-5939. Political/Social/Discussion Group. All women welcome.

PEACE CORPS: Interested in International Development? Need experience working overseas, helping people of other countries and making a significant link for global peace? We are looking for individuals with science backgrounds or experience in health, agriculture, forestry, fisheries and many other skilled areas. For more information, contact Jim Gouveia, 123 Hahn Student Services Bldg., 429-2183.

WOMEN IN ECOLOGY (WE) is an exciting new student organization. WE are working on defining ourselves and welcome others who are interested. For more information call Kate 426-0163 or Heather 425-4678.

THE NETWORK: Gay, lesbian, bisexual weekly meetings Mondays, 7:30pm, Classroom Unit 201.

AFDC RECIPIENTS ON FINANCIAL AID are now eligible for food stamps. Any questions, please contact your eligibility worker at the Financial Aid Office.

UNDERGRADUATE WOMEN: feminist issues support group, interested in discussing issues affecting women of today. Mondays 6:30-8:30pm, at the Women's Center Conference Room. For more information call Dana, 425-8272 or Martha, 429-6220.

THE LESBIANS AND RELIGION GROUP meets the 3rd Monday each month at UCSC Women's Center from 7-9pm. It provides the atmosphere for developing a positive experience with one's spirituality and a place to discuss religious issues. Join us. New members welcome!

SPANISH 53: History and Culture of Spain, fall 1987, MWF, 11am, Oakes 101, Film series M 3:30-5:30. A multimedia class taught in Spanish. Prerequisite: Spanish 15 or equivalent; concurrent enrollment with Spanish 15 permitted. Instructor: Nancy J. Membrez.

INTRO TO FEMINIST THOUGHT AND POLITICS: Summer Session One, June 22 to July 24. This class will introduce you to contemporary debates in feminist theory and politics through a historical and political analysis of the women's movement. Taught by Noel Sturgeon, History of Consciousness grad student in Feminist Theory and Politics. For more info call Noel 336-8960 or UCSC Summer Session 429-2524.

WRITING A SENIOR THESIS in Humanities, Social Sciences, Interdisciplinary Studies? Then this course is for you! HISC 67: Senior Thesis Writing for social science or interdisciplinary majors, Summer Session One, June 22-July 24. Call Elizabeth Bird 427-3682 or Summer Session x2524 to enroll now.

PROGRAM IN EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY Colloquium series presents Dr. W. Jackson Davis, Professor of Biology, UCSC. "Cellular Mechanisms of Learning in a Model System: Extrapolations to Human Psychology." Friday, June 5, 2:30-4pm, 499 Kerr Hall.

LESBIAN POETRY READING: Celebrate the publication of Testimony of Lesbian Lives. *In Our Own Arms, Issue IV: Lesbian Poetry Journal of Santa Cruz*. Friday, June 5 at 7:30pm. UCSC's Women's Center (Cardiff House). Reception at 6:30pm.

KAYAK SAN JUAN ISLANDS. June 13-23, $250 (includes almost everything but food). No experience necessary. Sign up immediately in P.E. office. Call 429-2806 for info.

DANCE BEHIND THE DESKS: Friday, June 19, 3:30-5pm. Come take a free class about stress reduction. We'll do an easy warm-up with stretches designed specifically for people who work at desks. Then we'll try several different styles of dance including the secretary boogie and the big boss rag. Beginning beginners especially welcome! Dance Studio, East Fieldhouse

OPEN STUDIO OF STUDENT WORK: Friday, June 5, 1-4pm. Come to the following locations: Drawing, Hahn Art; Painting Studios, Baskin Arts; Ceramic Sculpture, C101 Performing Arts; Figure Sculpture, Zorn Studio; Printmaking, Baskin; Woodcarving Sculpture, Performing Arts E100.

AMERICAN INDIAN MOVEMENT (AIM) activist Bill Means and elder Myra SoHappy will speak on the Black Hills struggle in South Dakota and The Fishing Rights Struggle in Washington State. Today, 11:45 at Kresge 150 (Seminar Room).

THE EDUCATION PROJECT ON INDIAN SOVEREIGNTY. Come find out what we're doing. We are planning for summer and next year. Meetings at Kresge 319, 7pm on Thursdays or call Karl at 479-0977.

OFF CAMPUS

ACOUSTIC FOLK MUSIC COMPETITION open to all instrumentalists, guitar pickers, singers and songwriters. At the Redwood Mountain Faire, Saturday, June 6, 10am. For more information please call Jeff at 338-9329 or Wendy or Andrea at 338-3651 or 338-6029.

SANTA CRUZ BIRD CLUB: Field trip to Highland Park Area. Saturday, June 6. This is a good trip for all birders, especially beginning birders. Meet at Santa Cruz Govt. Center at 7:30am or at the Park entrance at 8am. Leaders are Barbara Scharfenstein, 438-3727 and Bambi Hopkins, 462-2902.

KUSP welcomes The California Rhythm Kings to The Feed and Seed Live Radio Show, Sunday, June 7, 3-4pm. Just back from the Sacramento Jazz Festival, traditional dixieland jazz musicians. Come on by (1900 Commercial Way, Santa Cruz) or tune in to KUSP. Call 429-7663 for info.

WOMEN'S SOCCER CLINIC: A free clinic and jamboree for women soccer players will be offered by Capitola-Soquel Community Activities on Saturday, June 13 from 10am to 3pm at Jade Street Park in Capitola. For more information please call Terry Porter, Sports Coordinator, at 475-5935.

LIFE CYCLE OF THE FAMILY: Challenges for Research, Community Services and Public Policy, June 12 and 13, Dominican College, San Rafael, California. For more information: (415) 454-1811.

PRO BEACH VOLLEYBALL TOURNAMENT: Jose Cuervo Santa Cruz Open will be held on Saturday and Sunday, June 13 and 14 on Main Beach. Matches are scheduled for 9am-5pm on Saturday and 8am-5pm on Sunday, with the finals slated to begin at approximately 3pm Sunday. Admission is free to the public. For more information, tune in to radio station KWSS.

SING WITH EASE: San Francisco State University Extended Education will sponsor a special "Sing With Ease" workshop on Saturday, June 6, 10am-5pm in Creative Arts Room 207. For course details and registration information call SFSU Extended Education at (415) 469-1373.

FAMILY PLANNING: An introductory session to the Ovulation Method of Natural Family Planning will be held Monday, June 15 from 7:30-9:30pm in Dominican Hospital's Education Center. To register or for more info call Dominican's Education Department, 462-7709.

SOGYAL RINPOCHE, an incarnate Lama, scholar and meditation master from Tibet, will lead a practice day dedicated to World Peace and give a talk entitled "The Buddha Within" at Unity Temple, 407 Broadway, Santa Cruz at 7:30pm. For more information please call Sandra Pawula at 423-9824 or contact Rigpa, P.O. Box 7326, Santa Cruz, Ca 95061.

CORNROAST AND CRAFTS FAIR in the meadow at 360 Swanton Road, Davenport, Saturday and Sunday, June 6 and 7, Free.

AIKIDO: A non-violent Japanese martial art. Glen Kimoto will explain and demonstrate Aikido as a physical expression of the philosophy of harmony. This will be a participatory program. June 7, Unitarian-Universalist Fellowship, Aptos, 684-0506.

EXPLORING THE HEART OF HEALING IN AIDS: A video presented by the Freedom Foundation, Hanuman Foundation and the Santa Cruz AIDS Project. Friday, June 5, Cabrillo College Sesnon House, 6500 Soquel Drive, Aptos. 7:30pm. Sign Language Interpretation.

To submit an announcement, get a typed press release to the Stonehouse by Monday at 5pm. If you don't edit it, we will, so please keep it as short as possible.

THE PEOPLE BEHIND THE SPELLING ERRORS:



THE STAFF OF THE *CITY ON A HILL* COLLECTIVE WRAPS UP ANOTHER YEAR, WISHING YOU A HAPPY GRADUATION AND/OR VACATION. WE'LL BE BACK IN THE FALL – IF YOU WILL TOO, WHY NOT JOIN US?

CLASSIFIEDads

PERSONALS

Jennifer G, my faithful wife, you wanton waitress you, I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'VE GRADUATED!!! The moment I spied your blunt cut and smart outfits in Intro to Feminism I knew you were my type of woman. From re-interpreting Hamlet as a lesbian to eating chocolate in the library, from not having a boyfriend to having *one* too many, to getting stoned before studying to making fun of *everything*, the last three years will not be easily forgotten (or lived down!) Here's to hetero-feminism and a woman with a BA (baaaad attitude!) I love you honey. Now, about those clothes you borrowed... Love, Rose

Goodbye Em

M: I sure don't know what I'm going for, but I'm gonna go for it for sure. I love you and I'll miss you. —A.

FOR RENT

Summer sublet: Large bedroom, ocean view, near campus, $425/mo. 423-7147

Room in a music loving household. $260. Sunny yard and deck, washer/dryer. Nice neighborhood next to campus 423-0609.

FOR SALE

Deal of the century! 1962 GMC step van. Runs well. Livable. A must see! $600 or BO. Call Steve 425-0792.

Volvo with a lot of pep! 1972 Volvo 142E in good shape, am/fm cass. $1650/obo. Call Tomas 427-3494.

10-speed "Centurion" for 5' 11" rider. Good condition. Yellow. $65.00. 476-0828.

'71 VW Super Bug, sunroof, recent engine, battery, starter, brakes, tires. $875, 429-6522, anytime.

1971 Volkswagon station wagon, clean car with new Michelins. Runs well $1150.00. 429-8434

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Clean, Sharp Typing—papers, theses, resumes, etc.; negotiable rates. **Mark,** 426-1924.

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HELP WANTED

Song Leader for temple school Sunday mornings 1987-88 school year. Immediate need, 423-3012.

Temple Youth Group Leader Senior High T.Y.G. leader needed, 1987-88 school year. Salary dependent on experience. 423-3012.

SUMMER JOBS NOW!

Days
Evenings
Weekends

We have long and short term assignments available in the Santa Cruz area.

Good Pay
Paid Weekly
Apply Today-
Work Tomorrow

* **Production Workers**
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EOE NO FEE

WORK ALTERNATE WEEKENDS AT PAJARO DUNES: $150. HOUSEWORK, HELP WITH COOKING, CHILDCARE. MUST BE ABLE TO DRIVE, SWIM, AND COMMIT FOR ONE YEAR, STARTING IN JUNE. NO SMOKERS. FOR MORE INFO, CALL 415-441-7439/ UCSC STUDENTS ONLY.

Photographers! See entry in Announcements this issue. Office of the Registrar.

HELP END THE TESTING of Nuclear Weapons. THE FREEZE

NEEDS 5 people for summer canvass. Fantastic training, $100-$250 per wk., full or part-time. Live your ideals! Call Alan, 458-9975.

INSTRUCTION

Experienced French tutor. Native of France. Please call Martine, 425-7435.

OTHER

Important! Have you found a **BLACK SHAWL** anywhere in the last two months? **Please** call Ellen at 475-3471. **$REWARD$**

THIS COUPON IS GOOD FOR ONE FREE CONDOM
OR A CONDOM SAMPLER PACK for 50¢
(Including The Slug-Colored Yellow Condom!)



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WHILE SUPPLIES LAST. EXPIRES JUNE 12 1987. LIMIT ONE COUPON PER PERSON

SANTA CRUZ WOMEN'S HEALTH CENTER PUBLICATIONS PRESENTS!

HERPES -- a newly revised pamphlet on herpes simplex 2 (genital herpes). 30 pages with illustrations, covers description, cause, treatment and psycho-social issues.

$4 available at SCWHC - 250 Locust St.
Santa Cruz 427-3500

Also available:
CONDOM VARIETY PACKS
assortment of 12 for $4.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE UC ADMINISTRATION

Contract negotiations between AFSCME and UC are at a critical point. **We are angered and insulted by the proposals the University has made at the bargaining table.** Those proposals show that you don't care about your employees.

You don't care if your employees are safe or secure on the job. Despite numerous citations by CAL/OSHA, you refuse to add language to our contract stating that you will abide by federal and state health and safety standards.

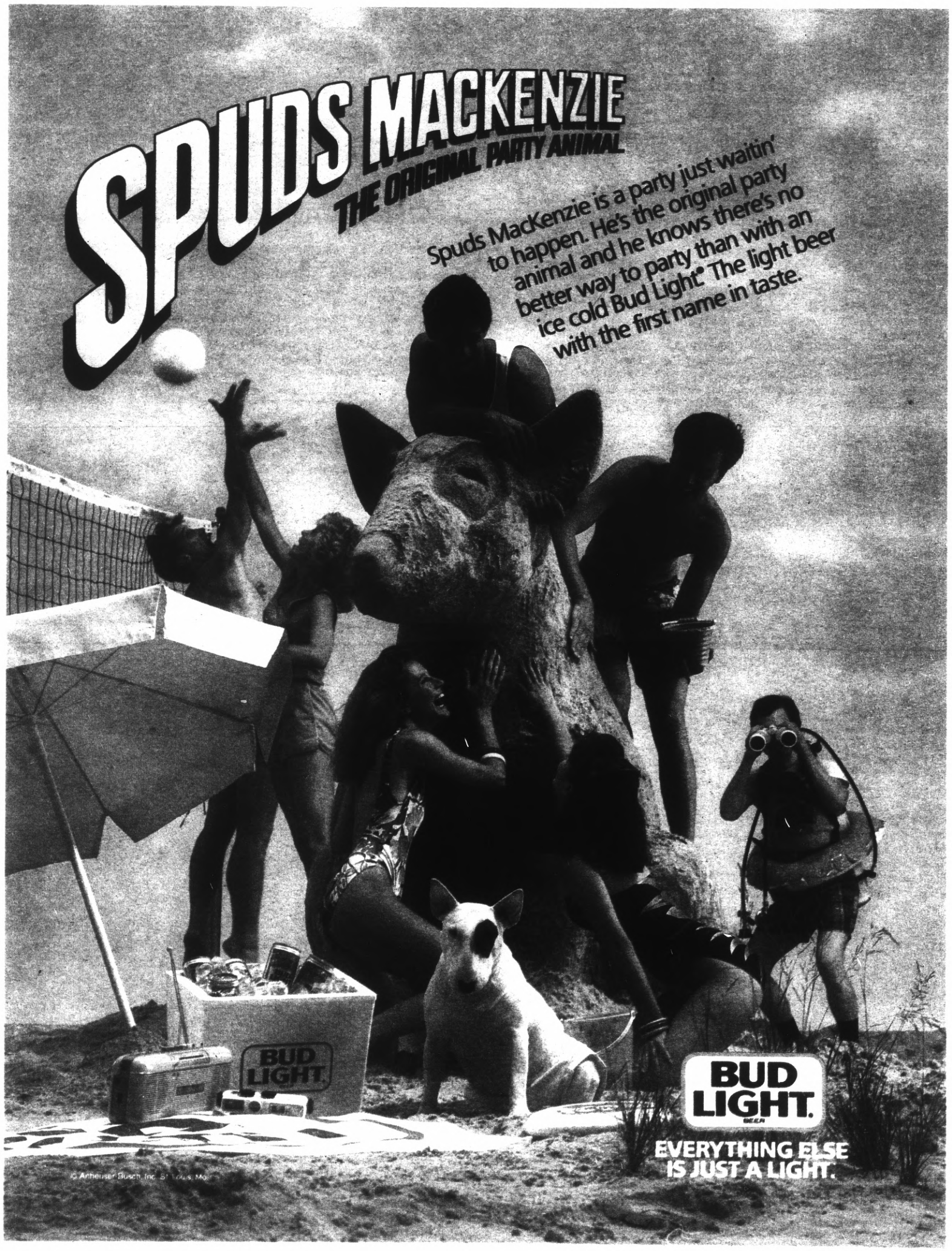
You don't care if your employees have worked for UC for 10 or 20 years or more. You want the right to lay them off anytime -- with no notice and without regard to seniority -- and to take away the employees' right to grieve and arbitrate layoffs.

You don't care if your employees have a decent standard of living or if their buying power is less this year than last. Your salary proposal is for no increase at all for employees at two of UC's medical centers and less than 3% for certain job classifications. You are also proposing that any increase in Shift Differential would have to be subtracted from any wage increase. This despite the fact that funds are available for more.

We protest these proposals by UC's Bargaining Team. We care about the health and safety and job security of UC employees. We think they deserve fair treatment and a decent wage increase.

We urge you to sit down at the bargaining table and bargain fairly. **Demonstrate that you really do care about your employees.**

American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees
The Union of University of California Staff Employees


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